

THE  
SOUTHERN LITERARY MAGAZINE

AND  
MAGAZINE OF ARTS

Nov. Series. I

NOVEMBER, 1882

B. B. CARROLL, EDITOR

PRINTED BY SEVERAL LITERARY OFFICES

CHAS. W. C. C.

PRINTED BY EVANS & JAMES, NEW YORK

1882

## CONTENTS.

<i>Original Papers.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
An Old Time Story, . . . . .	322
Mental Association. By H. . . . .	331
Review of Richard Hurdie; or the Avenger of Blood. A tale of Alabama.	332
"Remember Me." By ELIZA, of Philadelphia. . . . .	350
Theory of Miracles. . . . .	351
Electrical Astronomy; or Speculations on the Electrical Condition of the Sun. No. 2. By HARWOOD BURT, M. D. . . . .	363
"There was a Sun, a Cheering Sun." By HAROLD. . . . .	368
Glance at the Life of Goldsmith. . . . .	369
Guletta: or the Fair Head, (from the German of Lynde.) . . . .	376
"Tis Hard to Check the Spirit's Play." . . . .	380
Scene from "The Maid of Florence,"—an unpublished Tragedy. . .	390
"Freedom Lives Not Alone." . . . .	395
<i>Editor's Port Folio.</i>	
Glances at our Poetics,—No. IV. . . . .	317
Birth-place of General Moultrie. . . . .	400
Character of Washington. . . . .	400
Notice of Lieber's Political Ethics. . . . .	401



# SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.]

NOVEMBER, 1838.

[VOL. 4.—No. 5.]

## AN OLD TIME STORY.

Some books are lies frae end to end,  
And some great lies were never penn'd,  
Ev'n ministers they hae been kenn'd,  
    In holy rapture,  
A rousing whid, at times, to vend  
    And nail 't wi' scripture;  
But this that I am gaun to tell,  
Which lately on a night befel,  
Is just as true's the deil's in h—ll  
    Or Dublin city.

BURNS.

Not a hundred years ago, myself and friend came to the determination to hire a horse and gig, and to explore the country in search of adventure. Our journey, which was one of no little premeditation, lay along the banks of the Ashley. We had already heard many a story of this river, and a whole string of historical events had lent its aid, to make our own humble stream, honorable at least, to minds which like ours, had just done reading all the fine things in classic story. True, no Homer had ever, with his Theban lyre, recounted the martial achievements of its sons,—no Maro, and no Horace, in soul-stirring song, had celebrated the many "little wonderful deeds," which made each of our ancestors a sterling hero. Our stream wanted none of these,—and if it did, our imaginations were fertile enough, to evoke a thousand such at any time. The scene before us, presented associations of a different kind. There lay the spot, where the aborigines used, with fearless heart, to bait the speckled trout—here, the scene, where in ambush, he surprised the early settler, and with savage vengeance scalped and butchered him—here, at one time, his wigwam stood, protected by his own strong arm alone—with none to fear but his Tempest God—with no one to look up to but himself: and it was here, that at more recent times, the white settler raised his lordly mansion over these ruins of Indian architecture, and generously held out to the wearied traveller, the hospitality of civilized life.

The time, we had selected for our jaunt, was a fresh and beautiful evening of the earliest spring—our hearts were as young and fresh as the season itself. Indeed, every thing about, promised a grateful banquet to our taste for adventure. The trees had already put on their choicest decorations. There was the venerable oak, bent down with centuries on its head—dipping its pendant moss into the meandering rivulets, which stole from their mother stream, and breaking their smooth surface into little ripples of gold. There too, was the stately pine, towering above all the forest, and with its mellow green screening the sun from the smaller herbage below—and the laurel—the tree, whose never dying leaves our daily studies and our midnight dreams had so often woven into crowns for the conqueror and the sage—and before which, we could not but pause in silent reverence. Beneath these, sprung up a thousand wild flowers—the rich aromatic shrub and the sweet jessamine, the latter winding its way into the tops of the highest trees and scenting all the surrounding air with its odor. Besides, the pretty red-bird hopping about in its royal dress of deep carnation—and the chattering jay, with its spring time coat of blue, fluttering from branch to branch—and the mock-bird, stealing from the feathered minstrels their countless notes, and blending the whole into one protracted breath of melody. There were a thousand other charming and glorious things—making up in all just that sort of picture which is calculated to render a young collegian the most romantic creature in Christendom.

We have now rode on through two whole paragraphs, and the reader has not heard one “hair breadth escape”—no! not even the meagrest incident. It shall be so no longer—so, dear reader, prepare! Invite us into your study—shut the door—let every thing be still—and now place your chair into a convenient position, and listen and learn, that there is in this sublunary world of ours, such a thing as a real ghost.

We had already passed over fifteen miles of road, with every thing to gratify us. If we could describe, we should present the whole picture to the reader—but alas!—alas! we are inadequate to the task; for so many pleasant things crowd upon the recollection, that like a child with a bowl of rich ripe plums, we cannot, for the soul of us, select any particular one to begin with. Suffice it to say, that so far, our journey was one of uninterrupted pleasure. The heavens were clear as clear could make them; and from every appearance promised to continue for some time in the same propitious state. But there is no foretelling the caprices of nature: and no one ever spoke truer of pleasure, than he who compared it to the changes of an April day. It was an April day with us; or, we should rather have said, an April evening. The air which had scarcely breathed a few moments since, now grew



active and strong. Dark and heavy clouds were fast gathering in the distance; and we were soon convinced, from their rapid and threatening approach, we would have a severe thunder storm to encounter. To make for the nearest dwelling was now our first consideration. We accordingly gave a free rein to our nag, and to the best of our recollection, we gave him a free whip also. The faster we drove, the faster the storm seemed to approach us. The clouds now floated above us like so many mountains of flinty rock, which as they struck together in their confused course, would with a tremendous crash, cast their dazzling light upon every object around. Our horse became terrified and would not proceed. The scene was dreadful enough to appal the stoutest reason—we could not therefore blame the conduct of the poor brute—we tried all to coax him on. With broken efforts, we paused a moment to reflect upon our situation. To other minds, the scene may have been familiar—but to young students like ourselves, every thing was new; and the fire-side stories had filled the whole country around with a thousand dismal and fearful events.—We redoubled our exertions, we flogged, we beat the animal before us, we urged him by every inducement—all in vain!—he stood chained to the spot, agued with terror. The rain poured upon us in torrents, and nothing but the occasional blaze of some electric cloud could distinguish where we were.—A whole battery of cannon seemed suspended over our heads, and in its rapid discharges, the tallest pines around were splintered and scattered like so many shafts of glass. In addition to our dread, night had now fairly come upon us. Of ourselves, we could do nothing. Motionless and silent we stood to await the mercy of Him, who alone having moved the tempest, could alone command it into stillness. He did send his mercy—and once more we were on our way of life.

Our only object was to discover some friendly dwelling, which would give us protection for the night, and mend up the disasters which the recent storm had occasioned. Not far off, we beheld a flickering light. How beautifully it glittered through the rain-drops, which fell like diamonds from the trees above. At another time we could have lingered for hours to enjoy such scenery; but our minds were at present too much bent upon reaching the spot whence this light issued. After a long and almost fruitless search, we found where the road turned to the left. Our horse, of his own accord, took the path, and now went off in a trot, brisk enough to persuade us, that we were fast approaching a settlement.

Reader! if you have ever visited any of the old mansions on the Ashley, such as your ancestors of the fifth and sixth generation inhabited—pause, we pray you, and let your memory supply

what our pen must surely fail to do. Think of the long and labyrinthine avenues, overshadowed all the way with ivy covered oaks—think of its endless paths, turning to the right and left, over which the sombre and clustering foliage has never permitted the sun to play its genial light, nor the mellow moonbeam to lend one flickering ray,—think of the damp and vault-like breeze, in mournful murmurs, floating the long grey moss-like spirits in the air,—and the owl, not afar off, keeping its nightly vigil among the silent tombs, and ever and anon screeching its death-like notes through the moaning woods,—think of this lonely scene with all its gloom, and say, how your stout heart has quaked with fear—how you have paused and stealthily looked around you, and whistled to drown your thought, and started at the echo which the sound would make, and then laughed, because your own breath had frightened you so. Think too how the eye has stretched itself to catch some friendly light, which when it had gained, how you have halted at the command of faithful Tray, who smelling your near approach, has raised his warning howl, and how his master, like a generous host, has come to welcome you to what he had, and to shake you with a hearty hand, and make you forget and say, how pleasant had been your journey all along. Reader, have you indulged your memory?—Come, then, let us proceed with our adventure.

We were now, where your imagination lately placed us—snugly seated with mine host.—And who was he? We shall tell this ourselves. Squire ——— and wife lived at Shady Grove, some miles up the Ashley. A more antiquated place was never seen; nor do we recollect ever to have read or heard of a more antiquated pair than its hospitable inmates. It was not long before our necessities were all supplied, and we had already become as familiar and well suited as if at home in our own families. As was natural with good folks of their age, the conversation soon turned upon the Demoniackal history of the place. In a short time, every grove—nay every tree of the grove—was honored with its respective tale of horror. I confess I began to feel a little intimidated in this place of enchantment. I turned to look at my companion, who had been for sometime engaged in conversation with mine host.—They were both closely seated beside the fire-place, and were still closer one another.

“Yes,” exclaimed mine host, with some emphasis, “my life for it, it was a real ghost.”

“Yes,” vociferated mine hostess, drawing her chair a little nearer her better part, “yes, ’twas as real a ghost as ever lived.”

It is unnecessary to relate the preliminaries—but in a moment, by general consent, we were all collected around the fire-place,—the old servant closed the door—the maid squat down in the corner, and stretching open her eyes until the whites shone like two



colonial shillings, prepared herself to listen to the wonderful affair, that was now to be recited by "old massa," who had never, in all his life, told a story which was not true. In fact, the very cat, as if knowing what was to come, started from its sleep, and after stretching and rubbing itself against "old missis," ruffled its hair in very horror, and then seated itself in an erect and listening posture, to bear witness unto the event, which had so often aforesometimes astonished the welcomed guests of Shady Grove.

My host, after pointing us to the long line of family pictures which hung upon the walls, commenced pretty much to this effect:

"There is mine uncle, poor man! as stout a heart as ever lived; he died not nine months since. I am convinced nothing killed him, but the terrors of that ghost which had so often haunted his way. I recollect the last time it appeared, as distinctly as if it were yesterday. He told it himself with his own lips. He was returning home at a late hour one evening, through the same avenue you passed. Suddenly his attention was arrested, by his horse darting from the road into the woods, and it was with some difficulty that he at length succeeded in reining him up. He now endeavored to urge him on, but the animal, though full-blooded, would not move. He next tried to make his way by a circuitous route—but the attempt was equally vain. The same creature, which, a moment before, had taken into the woods, was rendered immoveable. What was the cause, my uncle could not divine. He had heard of the 'Grey Spirit,' which had troubled the neighbourhood for some time back with its presence; but believing it only some negro invention, he had never heeded it. He thought the same apparition might be now possessing his horse. Be it what it may, he resolved if possible to find it out. With this intent he dismounted, and cautiously approached the spot, whence the animal seemed to take his unusual fright. At first he could discover nothing but a body of so much grey moss—he paused—he looked at the object before him intently—it moved not—he primed anew the rifle, which he carried—he looked with a still more searching look than before, to see if the object moved—he advanced a few steps forward—a flickering flash of electricity played its light through the dim woods, and he thought he could now discover a human form, clad in moss: 'This sure must be the Grey Spirit,' thought he, 'Be it life or death, I shall see it further—I shall speak to it.' With trembling steps, he approached still nearer; a broader flash of light displayed its full form. It stood erect before him; its face broad and hollow, displayed an eye that glistened like two balls of living fire. Except where the long grey moss covered its body, nothing but its dark naked form appeared. My uncle cocked his rifle, and still advanced a few steps nearer. 'Now,' said he, 'I must bring this spirit to life or death.'

"Who are you? speak!"

"He raised the rifle to his shoulder. The glimmering light presented the image as before, motionless and silent.

"Friend or foe; in the name of man; in the sacred name of God; speak or I fire!"

"Another flash, and the spirit spoke not. Its eye only gazed the more intently upon my uncle, while it lifted one hand and pointed to heaven. My uncle felt his lips quivering with a strange sort of feeling, until fear had completely glued them together. The snort of his alarmed horse aroused him from his torpor, and again as the light presented the spirit, he exclaimed in a tremulous tone:

"Speak: one moment more and I fire."

"The sound scarcely dropped from his lips, when his rifle was heard to send its ball whistling, without effect through the woods.

"God of mercy! what sort of a being can this be, which neither words nor fire can move? Can my eyes deceive me? is it a fancy of the mind? I shall see, if my strength will aid me."

"Accordingly, he approached the object before him, until he stood close beside it. Its piercing eye gazed with a dreadful wildness upon him; and as the light presented the features more distinctly, its face appeared dark and rugged like the bark of a tree.

"Wilt thou speak?" whispered my uncle in a voice almost suffocated. The spirit only dropped its arm which had been raised to heaven. My uncle placed his hand upon its head. A death-like coldness sent the blood shivering to his heart.

"Speak! If thou art human flesh, speak," and he endeavored to move the object before him with a motion of his hand. A dreadful yell sounded in his ear. Overcome with tremor he sunk to the earth. His horse darted beside him. With the lightness of a bird the spirit was on the animal's back. Down the avenue they flew, until the snorting of the terrified creature and the trampling of his hoofs were no more heard. The whole plantation saw them as they passed; the moss whistled as they streamed along in their rapid course through the wind. The sound of the rifle had now brought us to the spot where my uncle lay; we raised him and bore him to his chamber, in which he only breathed long enough to tell what I have related. The horse was never heard of until some days after; and then he was found dead beside the grave yard, evidently having been rode to death. As for the 'Grey Spirit,' its existence has never been doubted from that day. It has been frequently met with since, but no one has ever attempted to encounter it; and it has been even heard, at midnight hours, holding its revels about the chamber in which my uncle expired. But, young gentlemen, I know you are brave hearted young men; you shall sleep in the same chamber to night; you may have a chance of encountering the Demon."



At this my blood ran cold; my companion looked at me despairingly. The cat with very fear moved its seat and took protection beside the pointer dog, who had just awoke with a loud bark from its sleep. And the maid-servant and man-servant, positively got into a scuffle to determine which of them should venture to light us to bed. We, however, put on the best face we could; and having supplied ourselves with plentiful potations of "generous hot punch," with trembling steps, took our most gracious good night, and retired to war it with the spirits which the event produced.

The room into which we were ushered, independent of being identified with the supernatural death of "mine uncle," was of itself, dark and damp enough to pass in good earnest for one of your haunted dens of olden time. The glasses of the windows, if ever they had existed, had long since disappeared; and the door, as it now turned to receive its two fear-stricken guests, appeared to open for the first time, since the corpse of "mine uncle" passed over its threshold, to mingle with the other spirits of the grave. The dim fire which struggled in the chimney place, through the vault-like atmosphere which surrounded it, only served to put forth the gloom of the place in bolder relief, and as its flickering blaze died away, a reminiscence was presented in the many shadows around, of every ghost or demon of which we had read or heard.

It is truly laughable to place two young fellows together, seized alike with fears. They commence by joking at each other's cowardice; and as invariably end, by being almost frightened to death at the very subject of their joke. Such was our case in the present instance. We first laughed at the ghost story we had heard, next wondered at it, and then swore, the reader may imagine with how much truth, that we did not believe a word of the matter. In this way, we attempted to make ourselves comfortable; and to find in bed something like gentle repose. After many a restless tossing and turning, we succeeded in closing our eyes. Nor was this done without the most dreadful anticipations of waking, and finding ourselves in the very arms of the awful "Grey Spirit." Twenty times one of us, would start and awake the other, to learn what noise he had heard, and to assure him that he was as brave as Julius Cæsar, and never feared a ghost in any shape whatever. In this broken state of slumber, we passed some time, until with a simultaneous start, we were both aroused, at what appeared to be the very yell my uncle had heard.

"'Tis very strange," exclaimed my companion.

"Did you surely hear it," whispered I.

"As sure as you breathed! I tell you what it is, I am resolved to sleep no more. Do what you will, I shall watch the remainder of the night."

It did not take me long to come to the same conclusion. So we now made preparation to spend the night in anxious watching. Accordingly, we had scarcely ceased to stir, when we were again disturbed with a strange noise. We could distinctly hear the fluttering of some unusual object about the room. It could not be a bird—no! a bird was more airy on the wing, besides, no bird ever had so unaccountable a voice. The deuce was now to play; we durst not speak above a whisper for fear of being laughed at by mine host and hostess, with whom, we had most earnestly protested against the whole book of Demonology. Our case was truly horrific. Not an ember blazed in the fire place, and whatever the object of our terror was, we could now discover only by feeling about the room. We paused a moment to listen if our ears had not deceived us. The sound came again, and an hundred spirits now seemed whirling about from wall to wall. We could endure it no longer. On tip-toe we paced the room, afraid even to let go each other's hand. Suddenly, my companion started back—in a moment more he had sunk beside me in a swoon. I stooped to feel his forehead. A cold clammy sweat was upon it. I passed my hand over his face to perceive if he breathed; his lips quivered as if life was just departing—his pulse had completely stopped; or if it beat at all, I was too much alarmed to feel it. I now endeavored to raise and place him on the bed. The motion recovered him and again he seemed to live.

"What, for Heaven's sake, is the matter? Did you see any thing: speak, I pray you."

"God of mercy did you not see it," exclaimed he, "here is the moss upon my foot; it rode beside my face like a bird in the air. I saw it distinctly; I could not be deceived. There; there, through that crevice of the window it made its escape. Its form was diminished, but 'twas none other than the "Grey Spirit." I saw its eyes, yes, its large glaring eyes; I could not be mistaken."

Frightened as we were, our pride would nevertheless not permit us to awake the family. Once more, therefore, we endeavored to encourage each other, and at last ventured to repair to the window in search of the spirit, which had just made its escape. Cautiously we opened the lattice. Oh, horrible sight! there stood the "Grey Spirit" before us. Gracefully it bowed itself to us. Salutation after salutation passed, and we could plainly hear the same rustling noise, which it had so often made. Daylight was just stealing in upon us. We rushed from the window to the door. The lattice slammed after us; wings fluttered in every direction. The same screeching yell of the "Grey Spirit" rung in our ears. Our hands were on the door; but unfortunately we had forgotten that it had been previously bolted by ourselves, and we were too much alarmed even to open it. The whole house was now awa-



kened at our condition; lights flew all about; the spirit still fluttered more than ever.

"For God's sake burst the door," exclaimed my companion, "or I leap from this window."

The words scarce escaped his lips, when, as if aided by a supernatural strength, he leapt into the garden below. I followed—down the garden walk we rushed, not knowing where we went. An opening in the bushes again presented the object of our terror; with the bound of a deer we turned from its presence, my companion one way, I the other. Onward I rushed with my eyes still fixed upon it, watching if it followed. My foot stumbled; I was among the tombstones of the grave yard. The same horrible yell pierced my ear.—I raised myself to behold from whence it came,—the "Grey Spirit" stood before me! I started back to retreat, but could not; its hand convulsively grasped my own.

"Who art thou?" I exclaimed.

The Spirit only stretched out its tongue with a ghastly wildness, and pointed to it with its finger. It was withered and dry, and death was upon it.

"Spirit of the dead, speak: if thou art human what would'st thou have?"

It raised itself as one about to die. The last energy of life seemed to animate the eye; like the blaze of a meteor just expiring from the sight, and for the first time it spoke.—

"Metopah is the last one of the Red Men. His tribe have all gone to sleep with their fathers behind the mountains. They died not like warriors. The "Great Spirit" sent the fire-disease amongst them, and they have gone like women without glory. I linger behind. The deer skip before me, and laugh at my weak arm, and will give me no meat. And the fawn will give Metopah no shirt but the covering of the trees. But the Great Spirit now calls me too. Metopah must go like a child to its father. The white men must be my brothers. I have never lifted my hand against them in the fight—let them treat Metopah like the last of the warriors. The Great Eagle will come and eat up his heart, and Metopah shall live yonder with the great ones of his tribe."

With these words Metopah folded the moss about him and expired. There was a solemn majesty in his action, which filled the heart with the deepest sadness, and at the same time dissipated every feeling of fear. Beautifully the sun peeped through the forest, and threw its light over the scenery around. I stooped beside Metopah to read, if possible, some trace of his history.—My companion stood beside me.

Who was Metopah?—The sad memorials of his tribe afterwards told us. The small-pox which had thinned the white people of the State, had destroyed them also; and it had left Me-

topah—an insane Indian. In this condition he had long wandered about the neighborhood, feeding upon the roots of the forest, and clothing himself with the grey moss of the trees.

Sadly we returned to the dwelling, by the same path through which our previous fright had driven us. There stood in the garden walk the object which had bowed to us as we passed from the window. Do not laugh kind reader,—it was a white sheet the washer-woman had thrown over a bush, and which every rustle of the wind inclined into a graceful congee. And the spirits in the room, flying about with such unearthly noise? Ha-ha ha!—those were the flying squirrels, building their nests in the broken windows of “Shady Grove.” But the yell—the dreadful yell we heard?—Shame upon us; it was the noise of some neighboring screech owl, in pursuit of his prey.

---

#### MENTAL ASSOCIATION.

WHENCE is the thrilling tone  
That breaths from chords unknown,  
Bearing from the swift stream of memory back,  
In mingling joy and pain,  
The links of that stern chain  
Earth’s pilgrims weave in life’s unmeasured track:  
The deep, mysterious power,  
That in a leaf or flower,  
The secret records of a life may trace,  
And through the noiseless caves  
Of memory pour the waves  
Of recollection’s years might else efface?  
Silence or sound may wing  
The dart, or touch the string  
Whose influence thrills the soul’s responsive lyre,  
And o’er the secret springs  
Of Time’s deep current flings  
The searching sunlight of a magic fire.  
In vain oblivion’s stream  
Would sweep each transient dream  
Of life,—the noiseless shiver of a reed,  
Their memory may awake  
As streams their bondage break,  
By summer winds from icy fetters freed.  
Tones that have silent lain  
On life’s electric chain,  
Like the hushed notes of an unstricken lyre,  
A summer night-wind’s sigh  
May tune to melody,  
Or wake to stir the fount of vain desire.



The ocean's plaintive moan,  
The passing zephyr's tone,  
The distant purling of a stream may call  
Up images of things  
O'er which the heavy wings  
Of Time as an unanswering curtain fall.  
The loved and long lost form  
Which Fate's o'ersweeping storm  
Perchance hath rudely severed from our side,  
The hue of sun-set's hour,  
A fading leaf or flower,  
Restores to Recollection's faithless tide.

H.

---

RICHARD HURDIS; OR THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.—A TALE  
OF ALABAMA.\*

---

I will recal  
Some facts of ancient date: he must remember,  
When on Citheron, we together fed  
Our several flocks.

*Sophoc. Ædip. Tyran.*

THIS is a woful tale. Its author, whoever he may be, possesses ability—more ability, we trust, than he has exhibited in the work before us. There are fine passages in the book,—here and there sage and sparkling sentiments; but, as a whole, the work is sadly deficient and disfigured by many glaring faults. It is said to be by a new hand, a native of the South,—circumstances which do and ought to bespeak an indulgent consideration, as far as such can be extended consistently with literary justice. The report has actually gone abroad, that the author is a distinguished individual; one, whose name, if mentioned, would give the work standing and celebrity. We have heard it attributed to one of our prominent and gifted members of Congress; but this is surmise. It is generally admitted, that the author is not certainly known; that the public is at liberty, and is in duty bound, to suspend its judgment in reference to this point at present, and until further light is shed upon the mystery. But it is insisted, on all hands, that the author is a native of the South; and the fact, that the scene is laid in Alabama seems, with many, to be conclusive of the matter. Simms, therefore, (so goes the talk,) has an undoubted rival in the field: and it behoves him to look after his laurels. For

---

\* *Richard Hurdis; or the Avenger of Blood,—a tale of Alabama.* In two volumes.—Philadelphia: E. L. Carey and A. Hart.—1838.

ourselves, we do not think that he need fear the competition. Simms has written, and can write, much better books than this. It is inferior, in dramatic power and style, to "The Yemassee," and there is no single scene in it equal to some scenes in "Guy Rivers," faulty as that work confessedly is. We have no doubt that this novel, tale, romance or what not, was written less for fame than for money. It will find purchasers and readers, and "the trade," as well as author, will thrive by it; but its popularity will be created more by the scenes that are described and the events that are narrated, which have a painful hold on local feeling in some parts of the country, than by the skilful manner in which the work is executed.

"Richard Hurdis,"—the tale we mean,—in the first place wants that which no other good quality can supply,—it wants invention,—is destitute of originality. The conception of the author is deficient, and his plot mean,—miserably so. The tale is commonplace enough, such as may be heard during almost any term of the court of sessions. It is a tale of murder and bloodshed,—of most unnatural, unaccountable conduct and foul crime. Our feelings are constantly shocked by diabolical plots and startling revelations of actual guilt. The leading characters are wretched specimens of humanity, the state of society most discreditable to a civilized country; and there is scarcely a green spot in the whole work upon which the eye may repose, after being tired and disgusted with the conflicts of bad and base passions, which are made to pass perpetually before it.

Our author's hero, Richard, was born in Marengo county, Alabama, at what period of the world's history we are not informed, but are led to infer from circumstances, that it was sometime within the last hundred years. The parish-registers of the Montgomery region might, perhaps, throw some light upon the blood and lineage of the family of Hurdis, (what a name!) and the dates of births, christenings, deaths, burials, coat-of-arms, &c.; but the record is wanting and not to be had. We are left, therefore, to conjecture as to when Richard Hurdis was born; but he is introduced to the reader, it is certain, at the age of twenty or thereabouts,—at that eventful period in a man's life when he is tired of home, and is longing to burst from the shackles of his teens, and to prove himself a man. It appears very soon in the progress of the narrative, that Richard is not a merchant's clerk; was not ignobly brought up behind a counter: for he remarks, in the opening of his story, that "the man who lives by measuring tape and pins by the sixpence worth, may make money by his vocation, but God help him! is scarce a man." We are sorry that the author identifies himself with his hero in the preface, because this apothegm about tape will be attributed to him, and will hurt



the sale of his book. Merchants, it is true, and their clerks, do not "live in every muscle;" the physical does not grow stiff and rigid at the expense of the intellectual man, but they do what is better for Mr. Richard Hurdis: they buy and read books, and praise them if they like them. A man, therefore, may "measure tape," and make money by the process, and yet be "a man." Richard, it seems, never soiled his fingers with tape,—had a republican horror of garters and ribbons, and was so ignorant of the minutiae of buying and selling, as to suppose, that pins, like calico, were vended by the yard. Richard's notions were more soaring. He found "enjoyment from the exercise of every limb," like Cincinnatus, when he retired from the field of glory. He followed the plough, like the Ettrick Shepherd, but never, that we learn, wrote poetry. Richard had a father who was rather "surly," and a mother who was, as all mothers should be, very fond. Richard denies that he was spoilt, but at the same time insists, that he "was *her* Richard always," a fact that we do not gainsay, though the "spoiling," we think, probable. Richard too, had an elder brother, called John, a "lazy" man and "fond of eating," and withal, very wicked, being, in fact, a very devil incarnate. John, by the will of his grandmother, inherited all the property,—a circumstance which caused Richard to hate him with a genuine, fraternal hatred. Why the elder born should have been so favored in Alabama, the land of equal rights, is not explained. The old lady was probably more than half a tory, or else wished to encourage in the younger sons a spirit of enterprize, for which there are so many inducements and rewards in our sister State.

There was another cause of grudge which Richard had against his brother, besides the injustice of his inheriting the whole estate; a cause originating in that tender but sometimes ill-fated passion—love. Most men are agitated by that sweetly tumultuous passion some time or other in the course of their lives; and John and Richard Hurdis were not exempt from the common lot of humanity,—so far from it, that the story of their loves was fated to become notorious and be celebrated as it now is by the Epic Muse. The affections of John, however, were sadly misplaced. He loved "well" but not so "wisely;" for he had cast imprudent glances upon Richard's lady-love,—a pretty lass with "eye large and blue, and cheek not so round as full," and blessed with beauty enough to kindle a flame in the heart of a stone, and more especially in the hearts of two such fiery Hotspurs as our heroes. Richard, leaping rapidly and unjustly to his conclusions, imagines that his more opulent brother, who is certainly deeply smitten with the maiden's charms, is destined to carry off the prize, and, concluding, with admirable logic, that he is himself actually "repulsed, rejected," before he has even made proposals, determines to leave a coun-

try which only reminds him of his misery. There are other motives also, which prompt him to abandon the scenes of his childhood. He is tired of being his father's "best negro,"—of watching "peas and potatoes, corn and cotton," and, fired "with a noble restlessness," he proposes to go to the Choctaw purchase, where "the territory was reported to be rich as cream," in order to "look upon those regions." He accordingly quarrels with his brother by way of venting a portion of the ill-humour which consumed him,—has an interview with his mistress, which is any thing but consolatory,—bids adieu to his father, who assures him that he loves him "as a man and no sneak," and receives from his mother, with her blessing and advice, a plentiful supply of "biscuit and cheese" and "venison" and "shirts," to cheer him upon the way. We next behold him in company with his friend, William Carrington, pursuing his course into the "nation," and ready for any adventure that may befall him.

As soon as he is gone, the devil enters into the heart of John Hurdis, and instigates him to employ an emissary to pursue after his brother, with a view to way-lay and murder him! To this end, he applies to a fellow, named Pickett, "a sullen, sour, bad-minded wretch, who had no mode of livelihood that his neighbours knew, except by inveigling the negroes into thefts of property, which, in his wanderings he disposed of," and engages him, by a bribe of a few hundred dollars, to do the job. This scoundrel has a wife, "a sour, dissatisfied" personage, and an idiot daughter, upon whom John has improper designs, which are defeated by the vigilance of the mother. This woman seems to have some very correct views of morality, notwithstanding her vinegar aspect, and she endeavors to dissuade her husband from engaging to do Squire Hurdis' "dirty work,"—but in vain. "The infernal compact was made and chronicled in their mutual memories," and Pickett immediately sets about accomplishing it.

In the meantime, our two adventurers, Richard Hurdis and William Carrington, pursue their way, and arrive safe at Tuscaloosa, notwithstanding the country through which they pass is full of robbers. Richard, not forgetting the advice of honest Iago, has "put money in" his "purse" to the amount of two or three hundred dollars, and his friend William, who has serious intentions of purchasing land,—has as many thousands about him. Both of them, however, are well mounted and well armed, and have stout hearts, fearless of danger. Upon their arrival at the capital, they stop at, what was then, the only hotel, and form there an imprudent acquaintance with a couple of gamblers who cheat them at play. We have, on this occasion, some profound reflections from Richard on the difference that exists between dandy gamblers and gentlemen. The former wear "long coats, steeple-



crowned hats, great breast-pins, thick gold chains, and a big bunch of seals hanging at their hips." There is also "a desperate (?) ostentation of sang froid, a most lavish freedom of air about them which make their familiarity freedom, and their ease, swagger." Gentlemen are the direct opposite of all this, and are remarkable "for those nice details of manners and that exquisite consideration of the claims and peculiarities of those in their neighbourhood, which early education alone can give." Richard has so high an opinion of gentility as to declare, that he "never saw bad manners and proper morals united," which declaration, we are sorry to say, betrays some want of filial reverence, for he accuses his own father of "surly ways,"—a charge to which the old gentleman, in the honesty of his heart, pleads guilty. Richard should not have driven his honored father to so mortifying a confession, especially when he bore in mind the manly affection which his good old parent entertained for him.

Richard thinks too, that there is a difference between the methods in which a Yankee and a South-Western man put their questions, and justly enough, we suspect, insists, that both are exceedingly inquisitive. The question of the Yankee, he says, is circuitous,—that of the South-Western man is direct. Richard prefers the latter. He admits that the indirect method is ingenious enough, but maintains that it is less sincere. He accuses the Yankee, (*horrible dictu!*) of conscious "impertinence," and of having motives for his curiosity other than those which he acknowledges." He compares a Yankee question to a "cow-path," because it is "ingeniously indirect," and because too, we suppose, cows make a circuit, instead of going directly to the pen;—a peculiarity in those excellent quadrupeds which is new to us, but which must have been noted by Richard in the course of his "early education," and must have made a deep impression upon his lively imagination. We conclude that Richard anticipates a large sale of his interesting autobiography "Down East," for one of the most convincing proofs, it seems, which authors now-a-days can give to their patrons, of their profound regard and high expectations, is a downright quarrel with them at the beginning of their intercourse; in which respect they resemble impassioned lovers, who, it is said, get angry at first, and love with an ardour proportioned to their previous spite, afterwards.

We have introduced these peculiar opinions of our hero, in order to show, that he is something of a philosopher, discovers the differences that exist between different men and different things, and judges for himself like a sturdy and honest republican. He is, in fact, one of the *rari nantes* of the times,—one of the few individuals whose thoughts should be cherished, and "embalmed in the recollections of his countrymen," both at the East and the

West. Let us, however, now follow our Socrates in his progress towards the Choctaws, whom he is probably burning to enlighten with his theories.

He arrives, with his companion, next day, at Colonel Grafton's, without being overtaken and disturbed, as he feared he should be, by the dandy gamblers "with steeple-crowned hats." We have some speculations, at this stage of the narrative, respecting "Colonels." "We are all Colonels," says Richard, "more or less, in the Southern and South-Western States." Does Richard mean here, that "more or less" shall qualify *all* or *Colonels*? "More or less" than "all?" or "more or less" than "*Colonels*?" "More than *all*," it seems to us, would be too much; but "less" than "*all*" would be less than "all Colonels," and, therefore, be too little. "More" than "Colonels" would be, we suppose, Generals; but we are not all Generals, and the assertion, accordingly, would not correspond with the fact. Nor are we all less than Colonels, which would be Majors, so that there seems to be some confusion in Richard's conceptions of our military dignity. His views are certainly far more luminous on the subject of the most polite mode of propounding questions in America. We shrewdly suspect that Richard himself is not a Colonel, though the epithet *all* is general enough, and would cover a multitude of red-coats. We doubt not his passion for military glory. It is the besetting sin of Yankees, in whatever part of the American continent they first see the light; but every man, even in a land where all men are equal, is not born to sport an epaulette and wear a cocked hat. We will pardon our hero, however, the error of supposing himself a military gentleman, in consideration of the pleasure he has afforded us in making us acquainted with Miss Julia Grafton,—a girl after our own heart, and with whom we wonder that Richard, "repulsed" as he supposed he had been by Mary Easterby, did not fall immediately and desperately in love. Of the two girls, we think her by far the most attractive. Richard says, she was "fair as a city lily," and why he was not subdued and carried away captive by her "lily" cheeks and "bright blue eyes," the very idea of Minerva herself, we cannot conjecture. *Sed nihil de gustibus aut mulieribus disputandum est.* There is one trait in Julia's character that would have been with us perfectly irresistible,—the "magic" quickness with which she removed the tea equipage, after that grateful beverage, tea, the undoubted drink of the Muses, had been dispensed to the guests. "We had scarcely left the table," says Richard, "Mrs. Grafton leading the way, and taken our places around the fire, when Julia took her mother's place at the waiter; and without noise, bustle or confusion, the plates and cups and saucers were washed and dispatched to their proper places." Delightful!—Just the proper way to do the thing!—quickly, so



that no precious time might be lost by the operation,—and quietly, so that none of the talkers, who have already, we suppose, begun to be garrulous, might be disturbed by the conflict that usually ensues between the spoons and the china. There is also, another exhibition of Julia's accomplishments, in which she appears to great advantage. "As soon as the conversation seemed to flag, at a signal from Colonel Grafton, which his daughter instantly recognized and obeyed," (the dear angel!) "she rose, and bringing a little stand to the fire-side, on which lay several books, she prepared to read to us in compliance with one of the fire-side laws of her father,—one which he had insisted on, and which she had followed from the first moment of her being able to read tolerably. She now read well, sweetly, unaffectedly, yet impressively, a passage from the "Deserted Village." Could Goldsmith have foreseen that his beautiful poem, after the lapse of half a century, would have been read "sweetly and unaffectedly" by the lovely Julia Grafton to a couple of young gentlemen on the borders of the Choctaw nation, thus presenting a lively image of refinement treading on the heels of barbarism, it would have been enough to have consoled him amid all his wanderings and sorrows. We cannot, however, acquit Colonel Grafton entirely of a desire to show off his daughter before the beaux; but we confess that Julia appears to us in a very amiable light on this occasion. Some may opine therefrom, that the nethermost article of her apparel was of too cerulean a hue, but we beg leave to differ from those wise-acres. Osteology and zoology, craniology and other ologies may be of questionable colour, but to write, and even read poetry "well and sweetly," are lady-like accomplishments. To our minds, there is a divine connection between poetry and female beauty, and the young lady who is void of the soul of poetry, is as unlovely and suspicious a personage, in our eyes, as "the man who has no music in him." We are sorry, nay, we are almost indignant, that the novelist should have managed matters so ill, as to engage the affections of this lovely, poetical creature, to a fellow who had committed theft, forged his letters of introduction and passed himself off, under a feigned name, as a respectable person. It would have been better if he had caused her at once to fall a victim to the tomahawk of the Choctaws. As it is, she dies of a broken heart.

The next place at which our travellers arrive, is the cottage, or rather cabin of Matthew Webber, a villain of the first water, and a member of John A. Murrell's clan, of whom we have read so much in the Western newspapers,—a company of robbers, cut-throats, abolitionists and equal-rights men, whose introduction to our notice, we presume, formed the principal motive of our author, in presenting to us the interesting narrative now before us.

In this den of devils, Richard Hurdis, poor fellow! is entrapped, but William Carrington makes his escape on Richard's horse, and is pursued by the dandy gentlemen with "steeple-crowned hats and big breast-pins." Before they overtake him, he is, however, shot down by some unknown hand, which turns out to be that of the desperado, Pickett, who had concealed himself in the trees by the road-side, and who supposed, fool as well as wretch that he was, that Richard Hurdis' horse must necessarily carry Richard Hurdis, and no other person but Richard Hurdis, upon his back. The unfortunate youth, already exulting in the prospect of his escape, "bites the dust," and Pickett, alarmed by the approach of the robbers, makes off with all possible speed, and arriving at the house of John Hurdis, informs that worthy that he has done his business for him,—has murdered the veritable Richard, and waits for his reward. His footsteps, notwithstanding, are tracked, and his conduct and communications watched, by a member of the "Mysterious Confederacy," and both he and his employer soon find themselves involved in greater difficulties than they either anticipated or wished. They are, in fact, soon compelled to league themselves in self-defence, with those light-fingered publicans, and to sell themselves, body and soul, to the Author of all mischief, to do his pleasure.

Richard Hurdis' horse, after the loss of his rider, runs, with rail-road speed, until he gets back to Colonel Grafton's, where the recollection doubtless of his last night's good cheer, and the idea of additional comforts, induce him to come to a halt. His arrival so unexpectedly, gives rise to suspicions as to the fate of his owner, which are natural enough; and Colonel Grafton, with a humanity and promptitude creditable to his character, immediately mounts his best charger, and, calling a posse to his aid, follows the young adventurers with a view to ascertain the state of facts. Upon his arrival, he finds, of course, that Carrington is missing, without any clue existing as to his fate, except what was furnished by his knowledge of the ordinary aims of such wretches as those into whose hands he had fallen. Releasing poor Richard from "durance vile," and proceeding homeward, the cavalcade find the corpse of the unfortunate youth in the spot to which the robbers had conveyed it, after securing the very considerable sum of money he had about him at the time. Burying the body of the murdered man, they proceed to the Colonel's house, indulging in reflections by the way well suited to the occasion.

Richard is reduced to sad straits by these untoward circumstances. He wishes to visit the land flowing with "cream," towards which he is fast approaching, but the idea of going "all alone" into that wild country, so full of Choctaws, land-sharks and "long-coated" gentry, strikes the youth, notwithstanding his valour and



decidedly military aspirations, as somewhat hazardous, and not to be seriously indulged. Duty, he is satisfied, calls him homeward to his native settlement,—duty to his own honor, which demands an explanation of the circumstances attending William Carrington's death,—duty to the family of the murdered youth, and, above all, duty to the young lady to whom his friend, more fortunate he once supposed than himself, was bound by the silken expectations of wedded bliss. The thought, however, of meeting his brother, whom he hated, and Mary Easterby, who had “repulsed,—rejected” him, was scarcely endurable, and the agonizing interview with Katharine Walker,—the Mrs. Carrington that was to be,—in which he must break, to that sensitive young lady, the dreadful news of her lover's death,—O! it was horrible, too horrible! His scruples, however, are overcome by the worthy Colonel Grafton, who finally persuades him to listen to and obey the all-peremptory call of duty.

The place, therefore, where we next see Richard, is his own home. His brother, of course, is as much astonished to see him, as Hamlet was to behold his dead father's ghost, nor is the murderer Pickett less astounded by the news of his arrival; but the simple fact, that he had mistaken his man, solves the puzzling mystery, and the attitude of the several parties in respect to each other, becomes considerably changed. Richard's first idea is to inform Miss Walker, by letter, of the death of Carrington, but he thinks better of it, and resolves to communicate the awful intelligence in person. We have no doubt that he was greatly distressed by the calamitous nature of the mission which he was about to discharge, but we shrewdly suspect that he was moved, in part, to adopt this peculiar mode of communication, by a desire to have a *tête-à-tête* with Katharine, whom he represents to be not only beautiful, as all the heroines of novels are, but also endowed with genius and sensibility, as they always should be, but sometimes are not. The proper mode of doing the thing would seem to us to have been, first to open a communication with the parents of the young lady, and to leave it to them to disclose the painful intelligence in such time and manner as they might judge most expedient.

Richard's communication is made first to the young lady herself,—the parents, or rather parent, for we believe there was but one living,—the mother—being kept out of the way by sickness. The news causes Katharine, very naturally, to shriek and faint away, which brings the good lady, indisposed as she is, to her daughter's assistance. The next day a fuller disclosure of the circumstances of the murder is made, and in the course of the narrative, Richard addresses Katharine, as his “*dear Katharine*,” and Katharine appeals to Richard, as her “*dear Richard*.” She be-

comes hysterical, and Richard opens a vein. The doctor is called in, and approves of Richard's phlebotomy; but Richard tells us, notwithstanding, that the doctor is an ass, and not to be placed on an equality with himself as a practitioner. We fear that the Doctor's compliment to his skill, made Richard vain. Katharine, now getting quite wild, leaps out of bed, and Richard, pursuing after her, "clasps her," the dear creature, "in his arms," and holds her *for the space of two hours*, she all the while struggling to get away. If William Carrington could have risen from the grave and witnessed this singular scene, we think it would have caused a keen encounter between them, which would have made impressions on Richard's organs of hearing, which would have been felt for a considerable length of time afterwards. It is well too, that Miss Easterby had not yet arrived, for, during that night, Richard tells us, *their* "eyes and hands met more than once" as they watched together by the bedside of the invalid. Miss Walker dies of her grief on the sixth day, affording to the world one additional testimony to the numerous instances that might be quoted of the violent and fatal effects which result from the transports of disappointed love.

Richard now soon comes to an understanding with Mary Easterby, and ascertains, that his brother has neither stolen a march upon him, by invading the precincts of that young lady's heart, nor that he is himself "repulsed,—rejected" by her, as he had foolishly supposed. His passion thrives in that interesting quarter, and leads, at last, as we shall see in the sequel, to the "consummation so devoutly to be wished" in all such cases.

Richard now resolves to pursue the murderers of William Carrington, and in prosecution of this design, determines to join the "Mysterious Confederacy." But how to get admission into it! His ready wit devises a way. His first care is, to effectually disguise his person. For this purpose, he purchases "sundry bunches of seals, a tawdry watch, a huge chain of doubtful, but sold as virgin, gold; and some breast-pins and shirt-buttons of saucer size." His "beard" also, "was suffered to grow goat-like, after the most approved models of dandyism, under the chin, in curling masses, and" his "whiskers, in rival magnificence, were permitted to overrun" his "cheeks." He now raises and places upon his head, "a thick cap of otter skin," and the modest Richard "stands confessed" "a dandy gambler" in all his habiliments. We wonder how a young gentleman of so excellent an "early education" as Richard Hurdis, and one accustomed to "nice details of manners and an exquisite consideration of the claims and peculiarities of those in his neighbourhood," should have assumed a character so inconsistent with all the habits of his previous life, and one which rendered not only his manners but his morals questionable. But Richard



"had an oath in heaven—sworn—registered,"—*that he would revenge the death of his friend*, and to fulfil it he was willing to dare and do any thing the most dreadful,—to enter even into a league with the "Mysterious Confederacy"—that gang of murderers, desperadoes and pick-pockets, and to take and break as many more oaths as were necessary for the accomplishment of his purpose. How adroitly he manages matters in getting admitted into that select fraternity, what pledges he makes, and what deceptions he practices, are known to the readers of his narrative. Suffice it to say, that among the "confederates," it is his good or ill fortune, to recognize his brother John and his brother John's agent, Pickett, and to learn from some of the choice spirits of his clan, the really murderous intentions which those worthies had entertained in respect to himself. His future efforts accordingly receive a special direction, and, with the aid of Col. Grafton and all his neighbors, he succeeds in accomplishing his object; both of those vagabonds being killed, and the whole of the "Mysterious Confederacy" routed and put to flight. In the course of this salutary work of extermination, which is conducted according to the principles of Lynch law, it is worthy of remark, that Richard is quite as anxious to kill his brother John, as John ever was to kill his brother Richard, and that he prosecutes this design with a much more determined and revengeful spirit! After the killing of nearly all the characters who figure in the story is over, this bloody drama concludes with Richard's marriage to Mary Easterby. Upon the death of old Mr. and Mrs. Hurdis, he will, we suppose, succeed, as next of kin, to the possession of all the property; and transmit the honors of the name of Hurdis to numerous descendants, who may, perhaps, be the heroes or heroines of future novels.

Such is the narrative of "Richard Hurdis, the Avenger of Blood,"—a narrative literally dyed in blood, like Joseph's coat of many colours. We have been more particular in detailing all the leading circumstances of this tale, lest, by an omission of material facts, we should be accused of doing Mr. Richard Hurdis injustice, for Richard, through the aid of the newspaper press, has become so famous a character, that it behoves us to weigh and measure all our words nicely, before we express an opinion as to his pretensions. It is even anticipated by some sanguine lovers of the Epic, that the Hurdis Novels will become, in due time, as celebrated, all the world over, as the Waverly series has been. It becomes us, therefore, to speak with due consideration of this unknown author, of whose real name, Richard Hurdis, of course, is the *nominis umbra*,—the mere shadow. The fact too, that Richard is regarded as a new representative of the talent of the Southern States of our country, in the department of fiction, ren-

ders us a little more observant, minute and critical, than we otherwise should be.

The work, as a whole, is certainly to be condemned in unsparing terms, but there are parts of it from which we cannot and would not withhold praise, because they richly deserve it. The interview that takes place between Pickett and John Hurdis, in which the former relates the circumstances of the murder perpetrated by him, is a fine scene. The horrors of a conscience laboring under a sense of guilt at once the most enormous and unnatural that can be conceived,—and the conflict all the while raging in his breast between the opposite passions of fear and hope,—hope, that the guilty deed might not in reality have been done by his agent,—that his murderous aim might have been by some means defeated,—that his shot might not have taken effect, or that some other individual than his brother might turn out to have been the victim; and on the other hand, if his hopes should prove well founded,—fear, that he should be balked of his paltry revenge; and fear that the important share which he had in the dreadful transaction would possibly come to light and be proclaimed in the face of the world;—all these things are well told,—powerfully told; and the effect of the whole, in a moral point of view, is salutary and commendable. The passage upon emigration to the West is also a lively one, and the description, upon the whole graceful; and it comes, we imagine, as a statement of facts, very near to the truth. We doubt, however, the correctness of some of Richard's opinions about the emigrants and the Indians. "The remoteness of the white settler," he says, "from his former associates approximates him to the savage feebleness of the Indian, who has been subjugated and expelled simply because of his inferior morality." This is all wrong, we take it. No one cause, we are satisfied, has contributed more to the manliness, bravery and patient spirit of endurance of our countrymen, than their contiguity to, and frequent conflicts with, their savage enemies. Both anterior to our Revolution, and since that great event, it has infused a military spirit into our countrymen,—has nerved their souls for every encounter, and kept their arms always burnished and bright. Nor has the Indian been driven off because of his "inferior morality." The morality of the savage, before he was corrupted by his intercourse with the whites, might bear a favorable comparison, in all other respects than that of his ferocious and revengeful conduct,—with the standard of those who boast most of their superior civilization. No! we banished the savage, not because we were more virtuous than he, but because the territory he occupied held out a tempting prize to our avarice.

The reflections upon maternal love, will probably be quoted by critics, as a striking passage. We like it for the most part, and so well that we must insert it here:



"The love of woman is a wondrous thing, but the love of a mother is yet more wonderful. What is there like it in nature? What tie is there so close, so warm, so uncalculating in its compliances, so unmeasured in its sacrifices, so enduring in its tenacious tenderness? It may accompany the feeble intellect, the coarse form, the equivocal virtue; but, in itself, it is neither feeble, nor coarse, nor equivocal. It refines vulgarity, it softens violence, it qualifies and chastens, even when it may not redeem, all other vices. I am convinced, that of all human affections, it is endowed with the greatest longevity; it is the most hardy, if not the most acute in its vitality. Talk of the love of young people for one another; it is not to be spoken of in the same breath; nothing can be more inferior. Such love is of the earth, earthy,—a passion born of tumults, wild and fearful as the storm, and yet more capricious. An idol of clay,—a miserable pottery, the work which in a fit of phrensied devotion we make with our own hands, and in another and not more mad fit of brutality, we trample to pieces with our feet. Appetite is the fiend that degrades every passion, and the flame, of which it is a part, must always end in smoke and ashes."—Vol. 1, p. 85–86.

We presume that Richard wrote the above passage after the honey-moon was well over, and his mind, reverting to the scenes of his boyhood, called up some living reminiscences of his mother's tenderness,—some of the many gracious and graceful acts by which she had proved to him, that he was indeed "*her* Richard."

The following is very pretty indeed:

"Happy world, where the blessed and blessing heart moves the otherwise disobedient and froward elements as it pleases, banishes the clouds, suspends the storm, and lighting up the sky without from the heaven within, casts forever more upon it the smile of a satisfied and indulgent Deity."

So is this:—

"The love of the young for each other is a property of the coming time, and it is the coming time for which the young must live. That of a mother is a love of the past, or at the best of the present only. It cannot, in the ordinary term of human allotment, last us while we live. It is not meant that it should, and the Providence that beneficently cares for us always, even when we are least careful of ourselves, has wisely prompted us to seek and desire that love that may."—Vol. 1, p. 87–88.

A woman's love for her liege-lord, according to our hero, should be an all-absorbing sentiment. He makes Mary Easterby say to his brother, when he intreats her to accept him for a husband:

"It must not be, John! to love you as a husband should be loved,—as a wife should love,—wholly, singly, exclusively; so that one should leave father, mother and all other ties only for that one,—I cannot."—Vol. 1, p. 120.

There is much good sense in the following remark of Mrs. Pickett,—the best character, upon the whole, in the novel:

"There's always two paths in the world, the one's a big path for big people; let them have it to themselves, and let us keep off it; the other's a little path for the little; let them stick to it and no jostling. It is the mis-

fortune of poor people that they're always poking into the wrong path, trying to swell up to the size of the big, and making themselves mean by doing so. No wonder the rich despise such people. I despise them myself, though God knows I am one of the poorest."—Vol. 1, p. 141-2.

On keeping a bad promise, she advances an opinion which Dr. Paley would approve:

"There's no shame in breaking a bad promise. There's shame and cowardice in keeping it."—Vol. 1, p. 146.

On enthusiasm, Richard remarks with a spirit quite kindred to the subject:

"To the young it matters not,—the roughness and the storm. Enthusiasm loves the encounter with biting winds and active opposition; but there is death in inaction,—death in the sluggish torpor of the old community, where ancient drones, like the old man of the sea on the shoulders of Sinbad, keep down the choice spirit of a country, and chill and palsy all its energies. There was more meaning in the vote of the countryman who ostracised Aristides, because he hated to hear him continually called 'the Just,' than is altogether visible to the understanding. The customary names of a country are very apt to become its tyrants."—Vol. 1, p. 187.

This is a fine, nervous passage, and is enforced by an apt and beautiful illustration. Lord Byron, however, speaking of Sir Walter Scott, had said pretty much the same thing long before Richard printed his book. We suppose it is a literary coincidence, for Richard is too much of a genius to steal a figure.

"Scott," says Lord Byron, "is certainly the most wonderful writer of the day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any—if not better—(only on an erroneous system)—and ceased only to be popular, because the vulgar learned were tired of hearing 'Aristides called the Just,' and Scott the Best, and ostracised him."—Byron, Vol. 5, p. 72.

Having now, in a spirit of warm admiration, invited attention to some of the beauties of our author, we shall next proceed to point out a few of the faults which disfigure his pages,—for Richard, although he occasionally shines with meridian splendour, has yet spots upon his disc, which may be seen without the aid of a telescope.

The first serious mistake, as we regard it, in the plan or structure of this novel, is the identity of the author with his hero, which gives rise to a great deal of double-dealing on the part of the latter, and destroys utterly that feature which is so essential to the respectability of a hero,—consistency of character. It was an unfortunate thought of this new debutant for popular favor,—nay, more,—a monstrous conception,—this Janus-headed Richard Hurdis, with two understandings, two wills, two pair of eyes and ears to match; and the author seems to be sensible of the queer, not to say shocking, figure that he cuts, consequently, throughout the entire work, for he says himself in his preface:



"The hero and author become, under this plan, identical,—though I would not have any of my friends suppose the author and narrator to be one."

If the author had wished to prevent his friends, who are doubtless the public at large, (since no one knows who he is,) from drawing such an inference, he should have altered his original "plan" which, as it now stands, makes such a conclusion necessary;—or, if he is distinct from his hero, would lead us to infer, that he has been the author of an impossible creation, in which, while he keeps himself at a distance, a mere spectator, his own identity,—his individual existence is strangely merged in that of his hero, thus giving birth to a monster of "horrid mien," almost as startling and disgusting to behold as the fabled Centaur of the olden time, or Mrs. Shelley's "Last Man," or Milton's Sin, sitting at Hell's Gate.

It is certainly a perfectly legitimate course for a hero to tell his own story, as long as he remains true to himself and his natural position in society, and does not put on airs that render his pretensions questionable. Richard, however, is constantly wandering from Mrs. Pickett's "little path for the little," into "the big path for big people," and, therefore, according to his own showing, should be condemned as an interloper. Richard's origin, it will be borne in mind, was rather humble. He had never inhaled the atmosphere of courts, and there is no evidence that his education had received special attention. He had, no doubt, been a very handy, hard-working youth, as most country bumpkins, in his peculiar situation, are; and he admits himself, that he received his father's "Well done, Dick," for the faithful manner in which he attended to the crops and the negroes, in his capacity of "overseer." When, however, Richard speaks of himself as "a gentleman," and, in that connection, says, that the "reserve of a gentleman is not apt to be respected by those who have never yet learned the first lessons of gentility," we confess, that we are a little startled, and begin to inquire, where our Chesterfield himself got his "first lessons," and who taught him to strut and make bows, and observe "those nice details of manners," which are the subject of his encomium. Nor do the courtly graces more illy befit Richard, than his philosophical opinions, which would make him a worthy representative of my Lord Verulam, or his predecessor, Seneca. Such sententious maxims as those, with which he spices and adorns his narrative, are truly wonderful, coming, as they do, from his "father's best negro." Our surprise, however, ceases, when we learn that these graces and this wisdom, are to be traced to a higher source,—that they lawfully belong to the author himself, who has identified himself with his hero, in order that the latter may receive praise for the fine qualities which the former is supposed to possess,—like the serving man who attracts admiration when tricked out in his master's suit.

We cannot, however, at this stage of our criticism, avoid awarding to our author the praise of honesty, for he frankly confesses the double nature of his hero, though he does not seem to perceive the inconsistencies into which he is betrayed "under this plan." We wish he had been as frank in acknowledging,—what is equally apparent to the reader,—the relation of identity which he sustains to nearly all the characters in the work.

He seems, indeed, to possess something of that wonderful property which has been ascribed to Matter,—infinite divisibility,—or, at any rate, such a share of divisibility, as to make him quite an anomaly in the world of romance. Almost all his personages, whether men or women, are distinguished by the same gentility and profundity which bring eclat to himself. They talk loftily, like persons who have bandied words with Duns Scotus,—put their questions and make their comments, like judges upon the wool-sack, and are, in fact, nothing more than multiplied copies of Richard Hurdis, or the author, with only such slight variations as are furnished by difference of name, costume or circumstance. They all strut or walk on stilts,—brandish their arms in one and only one way,—and that nice adaptation of character to situation, which imparts such a charm to the novels of Scott, Bulwer, James, Marryatt, and others, is sadly wanting in "Richard Hurdis." We ought to say, perhaps, that the idiot daughter of Pickett forms an exception to these remarks,—a poor creature who is introduced into the book for no one purpose that we can perceive, except to be the drivelling object of painful interest in a scene which is a disgrace to the book, and which is too disgusting to be even thought of without loathing. The fools of the old masters, Shakspeare, Scott, &c. were only fools in name. They had a part to perform, and did it well. Our author, we suppose, thought he had high authority for putting a fool in his book, and, in this instance, he has copied nature, for his fool is truly "a natural fool," and not be improved upon as such.

Nothing can be more unnatural than the characters, nor more brutal than the conduct, of the two brothers. Are they men, we are ready to exclaim, or are they not rather dogs or tigers without human feelings, or without the feelings that become men, and more especially men sustaining such a relation as they do to each other!

Richard, in a tempest of passion, is about to murder John, because he suspects, without cause, that Miss Easterby favors his suit, and John deliberately sends an agent after Richard, in order to murder *him*, because he *knows* that the young lady gives Richard the preference! The motive bears no proportion to the revenge contemplated in either case, and presents a frightful picture of fraternal animosity. Why too, towards the catastrophe, was it necessary that Richard should pursue his brother, evil-minded



and criminal as he was, with a view to be his executioner. It is true, that he was prevented from carrying this horrid intention into effect, but why was he permitted to cherish it? and how poorly does it comport with that high tone of morality in which he indulges in other parts of the book! Surely if the man was to be put to death for his crimes, his brother was the last person in the world who should do it.

There are one or two fine scenes which we forgot to mention, when alluding to the praiseworthy parts of the work. The scene in which John Hurdis attempts to shoot down the emissary of the "Mysterious Confederacy," and fails in the effort from the weakness of his nature and the horrors of a guilty conscience, is told with inimitable fidelity; nor does the card playing scene in the steamboat lack either truth or ingenuity.

We intended to have commented on some passages, or rather phrases, of rather doubtful propriety in the work before us. The use of such expressions as the following, which occur several times,—“the clasp of my arm had encircled her waist,”—we think objectionable. No man, we take it, has a right “to clasp” a young lady’s “waist with his arm,” unless he is engaged to her, which was not the case in this instance. We commend to the study of the author, should these pages ever fall beneath his eye, an excellent article on “the waltz,” which we presented to the public sometime since, from the pen of a fine writer of our own State, who treats the subject of “clasping waists” with a just and admirable severity. The readiness with which Mary jumps into the arms of Richard when both parties found that they were smitten with each other, is also unfeminine and objectionable.

We were about to quote the following, as quite a nervous passage, and it is so, but it wants truth:—“His guilty conscience had put a morbid nerve under every inch of flesh in his system!” The conscience is not the keeper of the nerves, and if it were, we doubt if there are nerves enough in the whole body for so liberal a distribution of the nervous energy.

“That which you have in your bosom, of my blood, is your protection for the greater quantity which is not mine, and with which my soul scorns all communion!”—Vol. i. p. 50.

Richard thinks of nothing but *blood*,—the sanguinary fellow! He ought to have lived in the days of Robespierre, and presided at the guillotine. He has measured John’s blood, it seems, and his own blood, and he finds that John has ravished from him some of the precious article. He says his own blood is *Venus*, and, in view of its superior quality, he cries out, “My soul scorns all communion with the greater quantity” of your “blood!” The less quantity, it seems, is Richard’s, which John has stolen. That “blood,” Richard tells him, is his “protection.” This is stormy, and may

lead to consequences. We recommend phlebotomy to Richard, or cupping, or leeches, lest his veins should burst.

"Have done with him,"—"Have done with it," are expressions that occur thrice within three pages. They appear to be pet phrases, without much claim to indulgence.

Richard advises, with respect to certain "old women," who had reported that his brother was engaged to Mary Easterby, that "a charitable society should be formed for *knocking them all in the head!*" O, the charity of the man! It consists only in *knocking people in the head!* and ladies too! What a hero! how gallant!

Again:—"When I speak falsely of man or woman, brother or stranger, friend or foe, let my tongue cleave to my mouth *in blisters!*" A new remedy that for story-telling. We would recommend phlebotomy rather. It is difficult to apply a blister to the inside of the mouth, and, if applied outwardly, it would prevent speech.

We had thought that the "raw head and bloody bones" age of romance had passed away. We hope, notwithstanding the appearance of "Richard Hurdis," that it has. We were long since tired of ghosts, and we like as little, bloody men and hypocritical ministers of the gospel. Lynch law too, in our estimation, has little to recommend it in a civilized age. Murrell's clan should never have been brought to light and immortalized, as we suppose it now will be, both at home and abroad, by this effort. It was a sad affair, disgraceful to the country, and the talents of our able writers might be better employed than in dwelling upon such subjects. We like better the vein of our own novelist, Simms, who to a few faults, unites many excellences, and who is devoting the strength of his genius to the commemoration of times, scenes and characters, of which we are justly proud as a people, and which will carry down our name with honor to an after age. Such writers deserve and will receive the meed of public approbation.

We have, of course, spoken very freely of the merits and demerits of the work before us. The author wields a vigorous pen, and has been praised by others more than by us. We do not like the subject matter of his story. We do not like the characters that figure in it, nor the exploits that signalize their career. There is no charming description of scenery in it that deserves praise. The style is stiff and pretending in many parts, and there is too much of an air of dogmatism about many of the speakers, that grates harshly upon the ear. We wish the author, however, every imaginable success in his subsequent efforts.



## REMEMBER ME.

BY ELORA.

I call on thee by many a potent spell,  
By all the visions of the lovely past,  
And by our hopes of joy that drooped and fell  
Like flowers that break beneath the sudden blast;—  
By morning light and by the sun-set ray,  
By earth and air and hollow-sounding sea,  
By the smooth river and the fountain gay,—  
Remember me!

By spring's first whisper in the balmy air,  
And by the glory of the summer skies,  
By the calm stars,—so spirit-like and fair,  
Still gazing down with their unclouded eyes;—  
By the clear moon-light,—by the sailing cloud,  
And by the shadow of the waving tree,  
By the young blossom 'neath the dew-drop bowed,—  
Remember me!

By the soft warbling of the woodland bird,  
And by the melody of woman's song,  
By the sweet echoes in the forest heard,  
And by the murmurs of the insect throng;—  
By love's low tone and friendship's gentle voice,  
And by dear childhood's laughter, full of glee,  
By all that makes thy spirit most rejoice,—  
Remember me!

By the dark shadow of the present time,  
And by futurity's uncertain light,  
By all thy thoughts of heavenly truth sublime,  
And by the sorrow of death's coming night,  
By vanished joys and pleasures yet to come,  
By all the ties that once were dear to thee;—  
Oh! sometimes in thy lovely Southern home,  
Remember me!

*Philadelphia, Oct. 13th, 1838.*

---

## THEORY OF MIRACLES.

"Order is Heaven's first law."—*Pope*.

THE objection to the Christian system on the score of Miracles, is one made by Infidels, and if it can be satisfactorily removed, the principal ground-work of modern Infidelity will be overthrown.

What is the objection? That Miracles are violations of the order of Nature, and that it is easier to believe, that the disciples who have given an account of the Christian Miracles, were impostors or dupes, than to suppose that such violations of the order of Nature ever took place.

We join issue with Infidels, in reference to this matter, and shall answer their objection, by disproving their leading assertion. We assume, and shall maintain the position, that Miracles are not violations of the known Laws of Nature, but take place in conformity to Laws of Nature that are not known. We assert, and shall attempt to prove, that the Popular Theory of Miracles is fallacious and unsustained by sufficient authority.

Before presenting, at length, what we conceive, to be the True Theory of Miracles, we shall proceed to state our objections to the one generally received.

1st. Our first objection to the Popular Theory of Miracles is, that it is *mere hypothesis,—bare assumption*. It is not pretended, that a word is to be found in the sacred Scriptures authorizing the declaration, that Miracles are violations or suspensions of the laws of God's moral or material universe. No prophet has ever arisen,—no inspired person has ever appeared announcing the fact, that they are so. The author of the Christian dispensation never uttered a word looking that way. Strange, we say, if Christianity was to be embraced and propagated on the strength of "preternatural" evidence,—by the aid of "physical impossibilities," that we should find no assertion of the kind in the sacred volume,—that we should hear nothing of it from the first promulgators of Christianity. The doctrine in question,—the doctrine of the supernatural character of Miracles, is not sustained by the highest proof. It is not a legitimate deduction,—a fair inference even from any opinion expressed, or hint given, by the sacred writers. It is a mere dictum of uninspired men,—of men liable to error. It rests solely upon assertion, boldly put forth and utterly unsustained by argument,—upon prescription, the enemy of man's freedom, of inquiry and of truth. Its advocates cannot explain the phenomena of Miracles. They, therefore, assert, that these phenomena are inexplicable. They have not ascertained the



laws which are applicable to them. They, therefore, deny that any such laws exist. They do not see,—they cannot comprehend the process by which these phenomena are brought about. They, therefore, resolve them into supernatural agency. Such is the Popular Theory respecting the Miracles of which we have an account in the sacred Scriptures,—a theory to which we are opposed, because it rests solely on human authority.

2ndly. We object to the Popular Theory of Miracles *because it asserts an impossibility,—a contradiction;*—because it declares that phenomena have actually taken place, which, by the very data and postulates of the theory itself, could not, in the nature of things, have occurred. The common idea of Miracles is very well set forth in an article recently published in the “Boston Christian Examiner,”—one of the most luminous and influential periodicals of the day. The writer of an ingenious article in that work on Miracles, uses the following language:—“To our limited vision, these events stand out and apart from the general course of things, and are incapable of being reduced to their established laws. They are inconsistent with these laws, *violations* or *interruptions* of their natural order. We call them *physical impossibilities*; and we are justified in so calling them. In our apprehension they are so; and in this very circumstance consist their pertinence and force.” Such is the philosophy of the nineteenth century, and thus fares Christianity among those who profess to be among its most zealous advocates, and who are content that a revelation from God should rest on a meaner basis than any human science,—who actually tell us, that “violations” and “interruptions” of God’s “established laws” and “physical impossibilities” are the best supports of the Christian system! Now it is useless to attempt to disprove a contradiction, and it is a plain, palpable contradiction,—a contradiction in terms, to say, that a Miracle is a “physical impossibility,” and, at the same time, to assert that Miracles have taken place. It is as much as to say, that a thing may be and may not be, at one and the same time, and under one and the same circumstance. We are told that Christianity is a measure of safety,—that it holds out glorious hope for man,—that it is a disclosure of important and heavenly truth, and when we ask for the evidence upon which this great measure of safety rests, we are pointed to “physical impossibilities,” and informed, that they must satisfy us. We are called upon to embrace truth,—truth that never contradicts itself,—on the strength of palpable contradictions,—to acknowledge that facts,—important facts, have actually taken place, which facts are “physical impossibilities!” Now, if this be sense, reason, religion or Providence,—indeed, if it be not the sheerest mockery of all and each of them, then, we confess, that we are utterly ignorant of what those terms

import. If this be the access by which divine truth is to make its way into the human mind, it is certainly through the medium of a very dark passage, and by the aid of very insufficient and glimmering lights.

3rdly. We object to the Popular Theory of Miracles, *because it is opposed to all just and honorable conceptions of the Divine Rectitude.* We recollect, that when children, we used to be asked the question, "What is sin?" and that we were accustomed to reply, in the language of those who well understood the subject, "Sin is a violation of God's law, deserving his wrath and curse,"—a definition which we cannot gainsay, because we believe it to be as perfect as human sense and the English language can make it. Now, the advocates of the Popular Theory of Miracles, do not hesitate to assert that God may, and properly does, do that which in man, would be sin,—a thing deserving of his wrath and indignation,—that he may and does violate *law*. And for what purpose? In order to establish law,—in order to secure its supremacy! This view of the subject, we must say, shocks our feelings and our understandings, and the more we reflect upon it, the more anxious do we become to discover some more honorable method of justifying the ways of God to man. *Law* and *Right*, as we understand them, are, strictly speaking, synonymous terms. What is *lawful*, a man has a *right* to do; and what he has a *right* to do, is *lawful*. Human laws may be, and often are, defective, but divine laws are unerring rules of right. They furnish, they can furnish, no ground for objection or cavil. The Judge of all the earth always has done, and always will do, right. If the Popular Theory of Miracles implies the contrary,—if it countenances the presumption that God can, by any means, violate his own laws, and thereby perpetrate wrong and injustice, it cannot be true. For our part, we will not be responsible for the consequences of such a theory. We reject it *in toto*. We insist, that there must be, and that there is, some mode of explaining the Christian Miracles more reasonable, more defensible, more honorable to God, more consistent with justice, more favorable to the progress of Christian truth.

4thly. We object to the Popular Theory of Miracles, *because it is inconsistent with the Divine Love of Order.* This objection has already been pressed upon the notice of the advocates of this theory. They have felt its force, but have attempted to parry the stroke. Dr. Channing, who stands at the head of the New-England school of Unitarians, in an argument intended expressly to meet the case, says, "It is the mark of a weak mind to make an idol of order and method, to cling to established forms of business when they clog instead of advancing it." No one will deny this, that it is wrong "to make an idol of order" or of any thing.



Idolatry is not only a weakness, but in a Christian land, a crime. But who idolizes order? Who, when he expresses his respect for order, and his belief that God has ordained it as a law,—an inviolable law of his moral and material universe, pretends to pay it homage as a living being and as an object of divine worship? This is an utterly feigned issue. It is the supposed case of a contingency that never has arisen, made to obviate a difficulty that cannot be fairly met. When too, do the forms of business clog, instead of advancing it? It would be difficult to say when. We should say, never since the world was made. Society has established forms of business which must be scrupulously observed. System! method!—they are the golden wheels which set every thing in motion and keep every thing moving. Banish them from the transactions of life, and affairs would soon be brought into a state of anarchy and inextricable confusion. Society, laws, governments, destitute of order and regularity, would soon come to an end. We should have to commence the creation of social institutions afresh,—entirely *de novo*; and order, form, method, would be among the very first elements we should introduce into their frame-work. We might try to establish governments without regard to order; but no such governments could continue a day. We might ordain laws which should be independent of form and rise superior to method; but the common sense of mankind would soon find out their defects. They would exclaim against the weakness of legislators who should entertain such narrow views. And if we should regard it as folly in men, shall we esteem it wisdom in God, to despise order? Whatever we abandon, be it men or precedents, be it doctrines or teachers or disciples, let us not abandon order,—let us not lose sight of method. They are qualities of essential worth, not to be scoffed at or put aside, now or at any time. Men can scarcely love order too much, or “cling” to it with too firm a grasp. If there is any thing beautiful or enchanting in nature,—any thing that moves the soul to admire or the tongue to praise in divine philosophy, it is order,—harmonious order. Truth is the daughter, and Science the hand-maid, of order. There is no music without order,—no harmony of the spheres. If we look up to the heavens above, or to the earth beneath, or to the waters under the earth,—wherever we turn our eyes,—to whatever subject we direct our thoughts,—be it the curious structure of the human body, or the still more wonderful mechanism of the immortal mind,—be it the regular return of the seasons, the growth of plants, or the movement of the heavenly bodies in their orbits,—we every where, and in every thing, perceive that order predominates, and we are forced to confess that a God of order,—One who regulates his conduct by fixed and inviolable laws, rules over all. Were we to believe, that God had,

for an instant, abandoned order, we should feel that we were forever undone. We should acknowledge, with trembling and dread, that there was no hope for man or angel under the government of such a being. We cling, therefore, to order, as a means of safety. We will not abandon it until we are compelled to do so. Man loves order,—God loves it, and every where sustains it; and sooner than admit that he has forgotten it,—his “first,” his last and his best law,—sooner than surrender ourselves to the Genius of Misrule, to be driven hither and thither as chance may direct, we will confess that our darling theories are false,—that we have gone astray from the path of eternal truth, and that we require to be brought back to it. It is because the Popular Theory of Miracles tramples upon order,—the order of Heaven,—the order which God has ordained among men,—the order which prevails, and is manifest wherever there is an eye to see or an ear to hear; it is on these accounts, that we reject it, and that we seek for some more consistent explanation of those remarkable occurrences. We cannot believe that Revelation is to be sustained by evidence that contradicts, disturbs, violates and interrupts order. But this is affirmed by the Popular Theory of Miracles.

In order to establish the Christian Religion,—a religion of law and order,—a religion in which perfect law was to take the place of passion and misrule in the hearts of men, it became necessary,—such is the strange assumption,—that the Deity should trample upon and violate his own laws,—those laws which he had himself ordained for the regular and harmonious government of the universe. A theory which rests on such principles for its support, however ancient and however applauded, cannot be true.

5thly. We are opposed to the Popular Theory of Miracles, *because it is inconsistent with all just ideas of the Divine Power.* We believe that God is all-powerful; but no power, we insist, can achieve a “physical impossibility,”—a phrase which is employed to define a *Miracle*. When it is said that God is all-powerful, nothing more is meant than to say, that he has all power to do whatever is consistent with his nature and the nature of things,—whatever is consistent with truth, justice, mercy, law, order; for if he does any thing inconsistent with these, he violates his own nature;—the attributes ascribed to him no longer belong to him, and he ceases to be God. God cannot do any thing inconsistent with his nature. His power has a necessary limitation in his nature. He is a being infinitely wise, infinitely good, infinitely powerful; but he is only infinitely powerful to do good,—to do what is right and just and proper to be done. God has no power to do wrong, to violate law, to disturb order, to act unjustly or unmercifully. We do not abridge the true power,—we do not interfere with the just prerogatives of the Almighty, when we say



that God cannot act contrary to his own nature and the nature of things. No being, finite or infinite, can do it. Power that opposes the nature of things,—that disregards method,—that interferes with the existing order of the universe, can begin nothing, can prosecute nothing, can accomplish nothing. If it aims at any thing, it aims unwisely and will be sure to be defeated. Such power is utterly powerless. It can find no place where to fix its lever,—no spot where to stand,—no means by which to operate. It is true, that “with God all things are possible,” but only all possible things. They, and they only, who deny that God can employ his own laws, and proceed after his own methods, in accomplishing his own wise purposes, abridge his just prerogatives,—deny his all-mighty power. They assert, that a case has arisen in which the power of God, exerted in consistency with his own nature and the nature of things, is insufficient to accomplish a particular object. It is because the Popular Theory of Miracles asserts this,—because it detracts from God’s omnipotence, that we reject it and pronounce it false.

6thly. We object to the Popular Theory of Miracles, *because it is opposed to the laws of the Material Universe.* We cannot turn our eyes or our thoughts to any object or subject which the whole range of creation presents, without being convinced, that God acts after a certain plan or method which is strictly invariable,—according to established principles or laws, which we may readily admit to be the best that can be possibly adopted, because they are conceived and ordained by a being of infinite wisdom. Were not these laws fixed and uniform in their operation, man could have no assurance that the system of the universe might not be disturbed and overthrown at any moment. In such case, there could be no settled, general conclusions, founded on the connection that exists between cause and effect. There could be no such thing as Truth, for Truth is the representation of things as they are; and how could we say that things were so and so,—that such was their nature, character and properties, when these were liable to be changed at any moment? There could, in such case, be no such thing as science, for what is science but a collection of the laws of nature in reference to any subject; and if these laws, which are nothing more nor less than determinations of the Divine Mind, were perpetually changing, or even liable to change, there could be no foundation for any science whatever. There could be no such thing as art, for art is nothing else than the application of the laws of Nature to the purposes of life. If, then, the laws of physical nature were not uniform, unalterably fixed, of a nature strictly immutable, the whole system of the universe might be thrown into inextricable confusion, and human calculations, founded on the experience of

the past, would be idle in the extreme. The Popular Theory of Miracles, we say, is opposed to the Laws of the Material World. It cannot, therefore, be true.

7thly. We object to the Popular Theory of Miracles, *because it is opposed to the laws and principles of the Moral Universe.* These laws are as fixed and invariable as those of the physical world. It is as unalterably true in the moral world, that virtue produces happiness, and vice misery, and faith moral energy, as it is in the physical world, that fire burns, water wets, or that a stone thrown into the air falls down to the earth. Nor does matter possess any intrinsic superiority over mind, that the Deity should regard it as more deserving of his consideration. On the contrary, Mind is the only thing in the universe intrinsically valuable. Mind is active, living, powerful. Matter is inert, dead, powerless. Matter is valuable only as Mind employs it as an instrument. It is for the advancement, elevation, salvation of Mind, that every thing exists. Every thing ministers to the progress of Mind, and God himself aids in the great work, by revealing to individuals, from time to time, new truths conformable to the system of Nature, and applicable to the wants and condition of man. The analogy borrowed from what we know of the Moral world,—the empire of the mind, the will and the heart, is, then, directly at variance with the Popular Theory of Miracles,—with the doctrine, that God can or would violate the order of Providence and the established system of things, in order to introduce and establish Christianity among men. It cannot, therefore, be true.

8thly. We object to the Popular Theory of Miracles, because it is substantially opposed to Truth itself, without which, no theory can exist and be maintained. We cannot despise Nature, which this theory teaches us to do, without at the same time disparaging Truth. The nature of any thing, is nothing more nor less than the true properties that belong to it, and these are impressed upon it by the Deity himself. The laws of Nature, whether we have regard to the natural or the spiritual world, are to be looked upon only as *modes of the divine operation.* Nature is nothing of itself. It has no independent existence. It has no life, no soul, no spirit. It has no power to set up claims in opposition to the Almighty. From the manner in which some persons speak of Nature, one would be inclined to think that Nature was endowed with sense, reason, intelligence, moral power,—that Nature was a being, and a being to be worshipped. But by *Nature* we understand nothing more than *the properties which belong to all things that exist*,—properties imparted to them by God himself, and which make them to be what they are; and we cannot believe that God can or would contradict his own nature, or the nature of man, or



the nature of things, which would be contradicting Truth itself, in order to communicate any kind of truth or information to the human mind. The Popular Theory of Miracles implies this. It cannot, therefore, be true.

9thly. We object, lastly, to the Popular Theory of Miracles, *because it is calculated to bring the Christian Religion into disrepute, and to extend the progress and prevalence of Infidelity.* Christianity, in every age of the Christian church, has been chiefly assailed, and been made the fruitful theme of cavil, sarcasm, ridicule and abuse, on account of this theory. Sceptics have insisted, and insisted with considerable force, that a religion which rests on such evidence, must be a suspicious religion,—that it cannot have a divine origin,—that God cannot and would not violate his own laws, disturb the harmony of the universe, trample upon Truth and Nature, contradict himself, divest himself of the attributes of justice and rectitude, which especially belong to him, and wholly overlook man's sense of right and propriety, in order to introduce and establish religious truth,—that such a theory detracts from the power of an Almighty Being, and that there is nothing in the nature of revealed truth itself, nor in the nature of man, which renders it necessary that an infinite and all-wise Being should do violence to those principles of justice, harmony, rectitude and truth, which man is taught to admire and love, and which are essential to his security, happiness, peace and salvation. The Popular Theory of Miracles, encourages Infidelity by lessening the claims of Christianity to the respect of mankind. It cannot, therefore, be true.

Other objections might be urged against this theory, but these may suffice to show the untenable grounds upon which it rests. We now proceed to state what we conceive to be the True Theory of the Christian Miracles.

We admit that the Christian Miracles were extraordinary occurrences,—well calculated to excite astonishment and wonder, and, furthermore, that our Saviour, in performing them, had a great and unusual object to promote, viz. the establishment of a new religious dispensation; but while we make this admission, we deny, explicitly, that they were of a supernatural character. We affirm, on the contrary, that they were done in strict accordance with the Order of Divine Providence,—with the known or unknown laws which God has ordained for the government of the moral and material worlds. This is the position we take in respect to the Christian Miracles.

It is very proper, that the species of “impossibility” which is called a Miracle, should be denominated a “*physical* impossibility;” the term *physical* being used in its philosophical sense, as applicable to matter and the material world. All the phenomena, called

miracles, which are recorded in the Scriptures, are physical phenomena, deliverances from physical evils. The blind are restored to sight, the deaf are made to hear, the lame to walk, &c. These phenomena, therefore, if they are impossibilities at all, are physical impossibilities, and are to be judged of upon physical principles, according to physical laws,—the laws of the material world. It will not do to say, that it is contrary to the laws of the spiritual world, that the blind should be restored by a touch, because the laws of the spiritual world do not apply to such a case. The evil is a physical one, and a physical remedy must be applied to it. The body is to be operated upon, and not the mind. The physician who attends a case of fever, does not ask his patient to solve a problem in mathematics with a view to his recovery, but he applies physical remedies,—he administers medicines adapted to the nature of his disease. He cures him, if he cures him at all, according to the laws and established order of nature. If we say, that it is physically impossible for a man to walk upon the water, we deny that such an occurrence can take place at all, since, if possible in any sense, it can be only physically so. Walking is a physical, a corporeal act, not a mental or incorporeal one. The bodily limbs and not the mental faculties,—not reason, not imagination, not moral power, are employed in walking. Water is a material element. Walking upon the water, therefore, is simply a physical phenomenon, to which the laws of the material, rather than of the spiritual world are specially applicable. If it be affirmed, that walking upon the water is a physical impossibility, it is the same thing as to say, that no such thing ever happened, for the reason that no such thing ever can happen; and if it be still insisted on, that such a phenomenon actually has occurred, it is tantamount to asserting, that that phenomenon is, at one and the same time, both possible and impossible, which is a plain contradiction. So, when our Saviour commanded the man with the withered hand to stretch it forth, and he stretched it forth, and it was made whole like the other, the laws of matter and not of mind were appealed to. The stretching forth of the hand was a physical, not a mental act, and the cure of the withered limb was a cure that applied not to the mind, but to the body. In like manner, death, if it be an evil in any sense, is a physical one. It is the dissolution of the corporeal frame. If our Saviour, in raising Lazarus from the dead appealed directly, therefore, to the laws of man's physical frame, and if it be impossible for a person once dead to be raised again to life and to be clothed with a mortal body, it is, properly speaking, a physical impossibility. So of all the other miracles of our Saviour. The laws of the material, and not of the spiritual world, applied specially to all and each of them. The body, and not the mind, was operated upon



by them. The phenomena were, strictly speaking, *physical phenomena*.

We are prepared to lay down some positions in reference to this subject. The Christian Miracles are *facts*. When we say that they are *facts*, we mean, that they are not chimeras, not fictions, not "preternatural interpositions," not "physical impossibilities," not "impossibilities" in any sense whatever. The theory which asserts them to be so, is unphilosophical and absurd. It assumes, strange to say, that a thing can be, and cannot be, at one and the same moment, which, no one need be informed, is an absolute impossibility. We say, that this theory cannot be true,—that it is idle and visionary, and is so for one plain and unanswerable reason, which is, that the miracles recorded to have taken place, actually did take place in the manner and under the circumstances set forth by the sacred writers. If a person admits that our Saviour walked upon the water, he is concluded by that admission, and he cannot afterwards say, that that phenomenon was *physically impossible*, for the simple reason that it actually occurred,—a fact that he admits. So if one asserts, that our Saviour restored the sight of a blind man by anointing his eyes with clay, he is bound by that assertion, and cannot insist that the cure was *physically impossible*, for the reason that he admits that the cure actually took place. And so of the other miracles. If a person tells us, that these phenomena were "naturally impossible," and at the same time insists, that Divine Revelation rests on such kind of evidence, he sports with our understandings, and renders Divine Revelation an object of suspicion. We may stretch our faith to the utmost boundaries of the Possible, but when we are called upon to believe the Impossible, and are informed that law, order, truth and nature, are to be set aside for the purpose, we are called upon to do that to which no powers of man or seraph are adequate. We may believe what is possible, and what has been, but we have no faculty to know, to understand or to believe what is impossible and cannot be. If these phenomena did not take place, we have no miracles, and the Christian Religion wants the support that is furnished by that kind of evidence. If they did occur, then we say, they must be explained upon other principles than those usually insisted on. *Physical or natural impossibilities* must be given up, and recourse must be had to the known or unknown laws of nature,—those laws, which however designated, are, strictly speaking, laws of divine enactment, modes of the divine operation, established and unchangeable ordinations of Providence.

We do not affirm, that the particular laws which govern the phenomena of the Christian Miracles are known, or can be distinctly designated. We only maintain, that certain laws do ex-

ist upon which these phenomena depend as certainly and necessarily, as any and all other phenomena depend upon the laws which govern them respectively. Our ignorance of what these laws are, does not disprove their existence in any given case. It only establishes the fact, that our knowledge is limited,—that we have much to learn. When we acquire a new truth, we wonder at our discovery, but we do not infer that the order of Nature has been violated. Every new law of Nature, when first disclosed, is the revelation of a Miracle,—a startling Miracle. The discoveries which have been made during our own age, in various departments of science, are new developments of the mysterious agencies of Nature, and Watt, Arkwright, Fulton and Sherwood, are names that are repeated with as much respect in our day, as those of Bacon, Locke and Newton were formerly. Is there nothing further, we ask, to be discovered? Has Truth run her race, and achieved all the honors to which she is entitled? Is Nature exhausted, and has genius no more materials upon which to operate? Let us rather believe, that as every day is unfolding some new displays of the power of the Almighty, that much more light and gladness than have ever yet blessed our vision, are still to be shed over the face of creation.

Let us not say, that God disregards order and violates law, because we do not perceive the order, and because our understandings do not comprehend the law. The question was once asked, “how do the dead rise, and with what bodies do they come?” St. Paul pronounced the question a foolish one, and yet no Christian denies the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. Our Saviour raised Lazarus from the dead, and we believe that we are all to be raised hereafter from the sleep of death, and to enter upon another state of being. Now, as this is an event which we believe must one day happen to every individual of the human race, there is nothing unphilosophical in supposing, that this phenomenon is to take place according to fixed laws, which are not less laws,—not less regular and uniform in their operation, because they are now unknown and consequently wholly inexplicable. Were the occurrence of such events as the raising of the dead frequent, they would cease to be miraculous. We might then, as now, be wholly ignorant of the *mode of operation* of the wonderful phenomenon, but our familiarity with such occurrences would greatly diminish the awe and astonishment with which we should now view them. They would, in a word, be converted from marvellous and extraordinary into *common* events, and would excite no more surprise than the rising or setting of the sun,—phenomena which, to a blind man suddenly acquiring sight, would appear, without doubt, of a highly miraculous order.

We do not pretend to unfold any new laws applicable to this



subject, or to explain the secret process by which results so wonderful as the Christian Miracles were brought about. The Popular Theory of Miracles, is startling, contradictory, monstrous. We are anxious to relieve Christianity from the odium which such a theory attaches to it, regarded as a revelation from heaven. It cannot, we are satisfied, abide the scrutiny to which it will be subjected by the searching spirit of the present age. It is a mere human appendage to the Christian Religion, and one by which it is enfeebled and deformed. Christians must abandon it, not because infidels sneer at it, but because it is untrue and cannot be sustained.

It may be thought by some, that we have regarded the Christian Miracles too exclusively in the light of physical phenomena, and have not sufficiently connected them with moral considerations,—that we have put out of view the power by which they were wrought and the ends they were intended to subserve. To this it may be replied, that the subject is an extensive one, and that we have accomplished the object we had in view, if we have thrown any additional light on that branch of it which we have distinctly considered. We have regarded these miracles simply as results, and, in this light, to be judged of according to the laws of the material world. It is scarcely necessary to insist, that these miracles were wrought by Divine power, nor that the great end to be effected by them was the introduction and establishment among men of important religious truth. Nor can we overlook the obvious fact, that men, in the performance of them, were regarded as beings endowed with sense and reason, and were not operated upon like masses of lifeless, inert matter. A strong and living *faith* in the divine power and agency, manifested by words or actions, was a *sine qua non*,—an indispensable pre-requisite to the performance of all and each of the christian miracles,—to such an extent indeed, that it has lately been asserted and ingeniously argued, that these miracles were wrought by the power of *faith* alone. A very high degree of importance is undoubtedly attached to faith in the christian scriptures. The Supreme Being is said to hear our prayers only when accompanied by faith, and we are said to be saved by faith from the temporal and eternal consequences of moral evil. But faith is exercised by a being of finite powers, and however essential to the well being of man, regarded even as a member of society and more especially as a religious being, we cannot believe, that it invests the mere creature of a day with more than human powers. It is true, that *faith may remove mountains*, but only in a figurative sense, and much that is said in the New Testament respecting faith, is merely figurative language. It is not faith, it is God who confers the benefits which the suppliant devoutly invokes in prayer. It is not faith, it is God who saves the

soul from the consequences of transgression through the future ages of our being. It is not faith, we are satisfied, but God, acting by and through Christ, and the early founders of his religion, who wrought the miracles which effected the conversion of the first christians. God was the agent, but *faith* merely indicated *the state of mind of the applicant*—a state of mind, however, indispensable to the performance of the miracles.

---

ELECTRICAL ASTRONOMY: OR SPECULATIONS UPON THE  
ELECTRICAL CONDITION OF THE SUN.

BY HARWOOD BURT, M. D.

[*Continued.*]

The long delay of the present communication, will perhaps render it necessary that I should again set forth the principle upon which I have proceeded in my speculations upon the electrical condition of the sun: particularly as I intend applying this principle at present to the explanation of some of the most important phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. The principle which I assumed, and which I have endeavored to establish in a former communication, is, that the sun is a vast globe whose electrical condition is intensely positive, and that he disturbs the electrical equilibrium of the planetary bodies revolving around him by the *law of induction*. How far this assumption has been sustained by the arguments already urged in that communication, I am not prepared to say. But surely if any additional evidence is required to establish its truth, it is found in the explanation which the assumption furnishes for the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. The moon and other planets, also, exert an inductive influence upon the earth; and as this influence acts in concert with the sun, they all conspire, as I have before shown, to increase the disturbance in the electrical equilibrium of that body. I do not know that I could introduce the subject in any manner that would render it more easily comprehended, than by quoting the last paragraph of my former communication. "A natural consequence of this inductive influence of the sun, moon and planets, upon the earth, would be to keep up a constant circulation of positive electricity around it from west to east, or in the direction of the earth's revolution, and of negative electricity in the contrary direction. The magnetical condition of our earth is no doubt dependant upon the constant circulation of these currents, and not as Dr. Prout and other philosophers suppose, upon currents of thermo-electricity, excited by the heat of the sun's rays; for if the magnetical condition of the



earth depended upon the circulation of these thermo-electrical currents, the magnetic pole would always coincide exactly with the earth's axis of rotation, as the currents of thermo-electricity would flow continually in lines parallel to the plane of the equator. But if the currents of electricity circulating round the earth, be excited by the inductive influence of the sun, they should not flow in lines parallel to the plane of the equator, but in lines parallel to the plane of the ecliptic. And consequently, as the currents of magnetism always flow at right angles to the current of electricity, the magnetic pole should not coincide with the earth's axis of rotation, but should vary from it a distance equal to the inclination of the axis to the plane of the ecliptic, and hence must be situated  $23^{\circ} 28'$  from the pole. This view is very strongly corroborated by observations both in London and Paris, which give the distance of the greatest variation of the magnetic needle, as above stated, so nearly, that the difference may be fairly attributed to errors in observation."

In 1660, the line of no variation passed through London. From this period it moved westward till 1818, at which time the variation was  $24^{\circ} 30'$  which appears to have been its greatest western declination, as it has since that period been retrograding.—Paris was on the line of no variation in the year 1664, and in 1824 the magnetic declination was  $22^{\circ} 44'$  west. At this time or shortly afterwards it came to its maximum, for M. Arago found that in October, 1829, it was  $22^{\circ} 12' 5''$ . A mean of these observations will give  $23^{\circ} 37'$  as the distance at which the magnetic pole should be situated from the earth's axis of rotation.—What influence the inclination of the moon's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic, may have in increasing the angle at which the currents of electricity cross the plane of the equator, I am not prepared to say; but think it probable that her influence might be sufficient to account rationally for the apparent discrepancy between the above theory and observations.

In examining the direction of the currents of electricity round the earth, as excited by the inductive influence of the sun, we shall find that they vary very materially, as the earth in its revolution round the sun occupies different portions of its orbit, or at different seasons of the year. These currents will always be found to flow in straight lines, from that point of the earth nearest the sun to the most remote. And hence the angle at which these electrical currents cross the terrestrial equator, will gradually diminish from the solstices where it is greatest, to the equinoxes where it is nothing. For instance, at the summer solstice on the 21st of June, these currents will cross the plane of the terrestrial equator, if not influenced by the inclination of the moon's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic, at an angle of  $23^{\circ} 28'$  a distance just equal to the incli-

nation of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic. But this angle will gradually diminish from that point to the 21st of September, when the electrical currents will flow round the earth in lines exactly parallel to the plane of the equator. But the moment the sun crosses the equinoctial line, the angle begins again to increase and reaches its maximum or  $23^{\circ} 28'$  on the 21st of December, from which time it will again diminish till the 21st of March, when they will, as on the 21st of September, flow round the earth in lines parallel to the plane of the equator. Now in deducing the position of the magnetic equator from the above analysis, we could not reasonably expect to find it, either coinciding with the terrestrial equator or crossing it at an angle of  $23^{\circ} 28'$ , but should expect to find it traversing the earth in the direction in which the electric currents maintain the greatest mean annual intensity, which would be equi-distant, between the extremes of that angle over which the electric currents vary four times in the year.— Just as the greatest mean temperature on the surface of the earth marks the direction of the terrestrial equator, so will the greatest mean annual intensity in the electrical currents mark the position of the magnetic equator. And hence we should expect to find it crossing the plane of the terrestrial equator at an angle of  $11^{\circ} 44'$ , which coincides so nearly with observation, as to render the truth of the above theory almost perfectly certain; for all observers agree in believing that the magnetic equator crosses the terrestrial at an angle of about  $12^{\circ}$ , differing from the above conclusion only  $16'$ . A closer agreement between theory and observation, could scarcely be expected, where the number of observations have been so few as in the above instances.

This theory indicates that the magnetic pole should be situated  $23^{\circ} 28'$  from the earth's axis of rotation, while observation places it at the distance of  $23^{\circ} 37'$ : showing a difference of only  $9'$  between theory and observation. It also indicates that the magnetic equator should cross the terrestrial at an angle of  $11^{\circ} 44'$ , while observation places it at an angle of about  $12^{\circ}$ : showing a difference of only  $16'$ . This is certainly a very extraordinary coincidence, if the principle upon which I have explained the above phenomena be not correct.

Another, and the last rational deduction from the above theory which I shall notice at present, is the revolution of the magnetic pole around the earth's axis of rotation. The world is indebted to Mr. Barlow as being the first who suggested the probability of this revolution of the magnetic pole. He found that the phenomena connected with the annual variation of the dipping and horizontal needles, could be much more satisfactorily explained according to this hypothesis, than they could be upon the supposition, that the pole moved westward and eastward from the true



north, in a plane passing through the axis of the earth. But he could have had no idea of the principle upon which this revolution depended. Now it does appear to me, that this revolution of the magnetic pole is a legitimate consequence of the above theory, and admits of a satisfactory solution upon one of the best established laws of electro-magnetism. The law to which I shall refer this revolution, may be found amply illustrated in Dr. Roget's work on electro-magnetism, on the 14th page, under the head of "Movements of the Magnetic Needle in free space." He there very clearly shows that if an electric current is made to flow across a magnet at right angles to its axis, that it will exert such a force upon the needle as to cause it to move in the direction from which the electric current proceeds; or in other words, if the magnetic needle is left unrestricted to move in free space with an electric current thus crossing it at right angles to its axis, it will appear to attract the centre of the needle in such a manner as to cause the whole needle to move in a direction opposed to the current of electricity. Those who wish to be more particularly informed of the manner in which the electro-magnetic forces produce this effect upon the needle, are referred to the illustration given by Dr. Roget.

In explaining the revolution of the magnetic pole around the earth's axis of rotation, upon this law of electro-magnetism, the reader will very readily perceive that the motion of the magnetic axis ought to be from east to west or in a direction opposed to the currents of electricity: or in other words, as the currents of electricity excited by the induction of the sun, flow round the earth in a general way, from west to east at right angles to its magnetic axis, we should therefore reasonably expect, according to this law, that these electric currents would produce a slow but steady displacement of the magnetic axis in a direction from east to west, or in opposition to the currents of electricity. And that this displacement is produced, is satisfactorily established by the explanation which it furnishes for all the phenomena connected with the variations of the horizontal and dipping needles. But the rate of motion, as well as the time required for the magnetic pole to perform an entire revolution around the earth's axis of rotation, can alone be determined by observation. And as we have not sufficient data to calculate either with perfect certainty, we must content ourselves with making as close an approximation as the observations before us will allow. London was on the line of no variation in 1660, and it required a period of 158 years from this time, for the needle to reach its greatest western declination which it attained in 1818: this being taken as one fourth of the time required for the magnetic pole to revolve around the earth's axis, will give 632 years as the period of one entire revolution, and

something more than  $34'$  as the annual rate of motion. I am aware that this calculation differs very materially from Professor Barlow, who computes the annual motion of revolution of the magnetic pole at  $25' 4''$ : and the period required for it to perform one entire revolution of  $360^\circ$  at 850 years. Dr. Sherwood, of New-York, in a memorial which he presented to Congress at its last session, has computed the time required for the magnetic pole to perform one entire revolution, at 666 years, and the annual rate of motion at  $32' 27''$ . Now if the calculations of Mr. Barlow and Dr. Sherwood are based upon the observations made in London and Paris, I am quite at a loss to perceive the reason of their reaching results so different. If the annual rate of motion of the magnetic pole be uniform, and it required only 158 years from the time the line of no variation passed through London, for the needle to reach its greatest western declination, and it then began to retrograde, it could only require 158 years more, for the line of no variation to return to London, which would give a period of 316 years as the time required for the magnetic pole to perform one half of its revolution around the earth's axis: and then if it requires just as long for the magnetic needle to reach its greatest eastern declination and return again to London, we shall have 632 years as the period of one entire revolution, and something more than  $34'$ , as before stated, for its annual rate of motion.

The reader will no doubt be struck with the singular coincidence between the conclusions here presented and those contained in the memorial of Dr. Sherwood, and had he thought proper to have given to the scientific world the principle upon which his conclusions were based, it might with great plausibility have been suspected that I was indebted to the labors of that gentleman for the views which are here presented. And it will perhaps be doing nothing more than justice to Dr. Sherwood and myself, to state that I have no doubt that each arrived at his conclusions, without any knowledge of the other's existence. We agree exactly as to the distance of the magnetic pole from the earth's axis of rotation, and I presume there can be no difference in our conclusions as to the angle at which the magnetic equator crosses the terrestrial, though he has not stated in his memorial what that angle is. We agree as to the direction of the revolution of the magnetic pole, but differ as to the time required to perform that revolution. By what theory or upon what principle he has arrived at these conclusions, I am not prepared to say, as I believe he has not thus far published these to the world. I am aware that the general reader will find it exceedingly difficult to comprehend clearly, the views which I have here given of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, without diagrams and a more detailed explanation, than my present limits will allow. But I trust that I have presented them



with sufficient clearness, to enable those who are at all familiar with the science of electro-magnetism, to comprehend the principles upon which these conclusions are based.

---

THERE WAS A SUN, A CHEERING SUN.

There was a sun, a cheering sun,  
That shone through clouds both deep and dun ;  
And round my life a gladness cast  
Which promised long—yes—long to last.

There was a moon, whose placid light  
Flung softness o'er my being's night,  
And made me feel, tho' life *was* drear,  
There's something yet to charm us here.

There was a star—a trembling star,  
Appearing lovely, tho' afar;—  
I almost thought, alone for me  
That star beamed there so pleasantly.

There was a thought—a curbless thought,  
With rich, with joyous promise fraught ;  
About my heart, 'twould sweetly play,  
And *fled not with departing day.*

There was a hope—oh ! precious gift  
Of heaven—the drooping soul to lift ;  
Which made my spirit smile to view  
The very storms it must pass through !

But sun, and moon, and star, have set ;  
And thought—oh ! could but thought forget  
How lovely these and life did seem ;  
And *now* to tell—*I did but dream !*

And hope—tho' dead not, *ne'er to die,*  
Until we soar beyond the sky,—  
Seems but a phantom of the brain,  
Which cannot bless the heart again.

I would not live—I *dare not die,*  
Unless oblivious I could lie :  
The soul compelled to madness here,  
Can scarcely taste of peace elsewhere.

HAROLD.

---

## GLANCE AT THE LIFE OF GOLDSMITH.

Welcome to thee, dear Oliver Goldsmith! a thousand welcomes to thee, sweet author of the "Vicar of Wakefield!!" Though thy mortal part be past from my vision, yet will I invoke thy spirit, and by giving it a corporeal embodiment, will spend a few hours of personal acquaintanceship with thee. The book of thy life shall ever hold a conspicuous place upon the shelf of my library; and though its volumes be spare, yet the exquisite creations of thy mind shall ever stand foremost among the humble collection.—Come, dear Noll, for thus thy friends used familiarly to call thee, come, draw up to the uninviting board of a poor student, who has ever loved thee with a great admiration; and who, now to enjoy the sweet privilege of thy company, has straightened himself a whole month to partake with thee of an enlivening glass or two. Thou didst always love to hear thy whimsical life spoken of by thy friends, and as no one may hear us, thy forbearance may not be called vanity; nor my admiring recollections of thy life be considered adulation.

Of thy birth, I shall trace back no genealogy. Enough, that thy family was good—their virtues and their faults, are known to every one who knows any thing of thee; and to those who know nothing, it is telling all to say, that you and yours "seldom acted as other people; your hearts were always in the right place; but your heads seemed to be doing any thing but what they ought."

Of thy birth place\*—Ah! who can forget thy birth place.—Thine own immortal verse hath described it; and "sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," shall ever be remembered while there is taste to admire thy genius, or affection to dwell upon thy name.

Thy schoolship too! that reminds me of thy first and so much beloved pedagogue—the worn out soldier—quartermaster Byrne. How oft, has it delighted thee to tell, how, when thou had'st just numbered six winters, and as many summers, he used to enrapture thee with his humor, his wit, and his fair scholarship; and how, once upon a time, when thou had'st, like a diligent pupil, done all he had commanded, he blest thee with the crowning reward of taking thee on a visit to the last and best of Irish minstrels—"Carolan the Blind."

Was it from him thou first caught'st thy poetical ardor?—was it, while listening to his sweet harp, thou first learned'st to attune thy own in such true accordance? How deeply, indeed, he imbued thy youthful soul with the inspiration of his own, thou thyself hast

---

\* Pallas.



told in thy own touching essay, which hath embalmed his memory. If this were the only favor conferred upon thee by quartermaster Byrne, it alone would link him in immortality with thee—but there were others! Think of the pleasure afforded thee, in his small library of odd volumes of piratical stories, and horror stirring tales about ghosts, hobgoblins and robbers. Think how of dark and shivering evenings, thou hast drawn over his little peat fire, and by its light begrudging blaze, devoured the reading of those oft bethumbed, though much beminded volumes. Fill thy glass, dear Noll, and here's to the memory of quartermaster Byrne—

“And now we'll laugh with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.”

Now, that we are both in good natured mood, we will pass by thy father's first resolve, to apprentice thee a merchant's clerk. Who can think, without a smile, of thy glorious and immortal pen, figuring down the pages of the day-book and ledger, when quartermaster Byrne himself, prognosticated thou wast a proper youth to write original entries on the top of Parnassus. Thy father—ah! that affectionate name, hath brought tears to thy eyes. I know thou wouldst tell me how blest should be his memory, because when he could illy afford it, he squeezed out of his narrowed means, a support for thee at college. Thou wouldst tell me, how thou oughtst to suffer all the remorse of ingratitude, because when he could no longer support thee there, thou didst nevertheless refuse to humble thyself, and for the sake of learning and of him, to become a sizar. I grant that was wrong; but thou didst relent—and thy crime shall be forgotten.

Cheer up, dear Noll, and here's another glass to enliven us with the remembrance of the tricks, and pranks, and wayward capers which the fellows of Trinity have so oftentimes told against thee. Upon my soul, I must pronounce it an irregular thing in thee, to have headed that mob, which in 1747, pumped the bailiff of the town, and then attempted to set Newgate free—that was too serious a frolic entirely for any one—not to mention your then being a student, and it was a thing of great providence, that thou wast not killed in the affray. What got into thee, after having gained the prize of thirty shillings for one of thy college exhibitions, to have rendered inglorious the whole honor, by entertaining thy friends with a carousal and dance; and that too, in the sober walls of college. When thy tutor expostulated with thee, it was a rash thing to have given him an intemperate answer, and although he insulted thee with a blow, it was still a rasher thing in thee to have left college, considering, dear Noll, thou hadst given great insult to the dignity of thy *Alma Mater*. Was it right in thee to have brooded over the insult all night?—to have sold thy books on the

morrow, and to have left college? What though you tell me it was your intention to have embarked for our western wilds, where you hoped to make a fortune and a character for yourself! But enough! even here, your guilt brought on its ready punishment; for you yourself tell the story, how you loitered about for three days on one poor shilling; and that after twenty-four hours fast, a handful of grey peas, given by a little girl, was the most comfortable repast you had ever eaten. What a fortune was it that thy brother discovered thee in thy waywardness; and I can almost forget thy fault, that thou return'dst back to college with him.

Recollectest thou, when not long after this caper of thine, thy cousin Mills called to invite thee to breakfast, how he found thee without clothes, and so destitute of covering, that forsooth, thou hadst immersed thyself in the feathers of thy bed, through a hole in the ticking thereof? Recollectest thou, when he had nigh split his sides with laughter, at thy apparent eccentricity, thou toldst upon thyself, how a poor woman with five children, had worked upon thy feelings, saying how her husband was then in the hospital, and she and hers starving for bread; and how your feeling for her misery, had sent out your blankets to cover their wretchedness, and had given them all your clothes to purchase them a pitiful mouthful. Ah, dear Noll, that was a true deed of charity: and it will not be forgotten in the registry of Heaven. The world may laugh at it as weakness, but God will count it a powerful thing for thee.

Of thy collegiate course, I am aware, not much can be said in thy behalf. But which of thy fellows can ever forget thy excellent companionable qualities. Thy heart was open to every one, and to every one's imposition; and who can say that thou ever refused'st to join either in the fun or the refinements of the place. How many have bravoed thy well told tales, and encored, over and over again, thy song still better sung. It is an excellent anecdote, which thy quondam chum Beatty tells of thee!—is it true that necessity first made thee a poet; and that thou didst at one time indite ballads for street singers, to pay off thy tavern scores? Is it true that thou couldst not forget these natural born offspring were of thy own heart, and that thou didst stroll about the streets of nights to see whether the world treated them well, and with applause?

Upon thy return from college, it was an odd, though becoming thing that thy parents advised thee to apply for orders—but it was more odd than becoming in thee, to apply for ordination dressed in a pair of scarlet breeches.—Scarlet breeches! for a priest of the order of Melchisedek? How unorthodox the appearance! What a blush must it have caused! Thou wast rightly paid by a rejection.



I pass over the next two years of thy life, during which thou didst study law and abandoned it; became a tutor and would not endure the drudgery of that neither. These I pass over and rather approach thy life, where, as thou hast expressed it, thou wast ushered into the world a veritable *doctissimus detissimorum*. Thy biographer hath told us how when the goodness of thy relations had furnished thee with £50 to pursue thy terms at the temple, thou wast seduced into a gaming house, by an old crony, and so fleeced of all thy means, until thou wast obliged to take shelter with thy brother, who, giving thee too hard a remonstrance, drove thee upon the generosity of thy ever true uncle Contarine. With much delight could I stop here, and pay a tribute to that good man's memory. But I must proceed. Thy biographer tells us, that observing the sharpness with which thou, whilst shooting and fishing, didst note the phenomena of nature, thy uncle admonished thee to betake thyself to the study of medicine. Well was it that thou didst so, else animated nature may have lost the services of one of its best describers. I shall pass by thy noviciate as a medicine student at Edinburg, which is said not to have been very worthy of thee, on account of thy dissipations made up of tavern visits and gaming-house fondnesses. I leave these scenes, as not to be dwelt upon, and follow thee in thy journey thence, over the continent. And how rich a treasure wouldst thou have presented, hadst thou preserved any memorials of these, thy perigrinations. What pictures of gold set in silver would we have had, as thou passedst along.

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po."

Is it enough, that thou hast left us, thy exquisite Traveller, to point us o'er the way? Alas, friendly and amiable as it is, it is only the index of what we might have had—a few scattered beads from the rich strand which posterity may otherwise have viewed in all its glittering beauty entire.

As thy footsteps reached the top of the Alpine ranges,—those eternal monuments of ancient song; as thy eye looked down upon the land of Italy, so rich in the everlasting remembrances of its former grandeur and glory, its poetry, its heroism, its literature, its oratory, its art, and its power, what treasures may'st thou not have gathered, for that casket which thou knew'st so well how to fill! Many have travelled and written for our pleasure and their own, but how few have done it as thou may'st have done. Many have journeyed on their course through various and beautiful scenes, in all the pomp and vanity of this wicked world, but how few like thee, with no other finance than thy "tuneless pipe" have travelled by day and by night, gaining thy

lodging and thy board for singing at the doors of kind hearted peasants. It is thyself, who, in one of these moments, exclaims of France:

“How often have I led thy sportive choir  
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire,  
Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
And freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew,  
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still  
But mock’d all tune, and marr’d the dancer’s skill,  
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,  
And dance forgetful of the noontide hour.”

I however return with thee to London, the theatre of thy singularly chequered life. Is there a heart to feel, how must it bleed at thy picture—a beggar in the streets of thy own country—a country which has no dearer name in the annals of its literature. How must genius droop and sicken, in its sympathy for one, who, conscious of the ability to enrol himself high in the records of enduring fame, was yet doomed to feel the very life of nature expiring within him, from the agony of what a few crumbs of bread may have relieved. Truly may I scripturally say of thee, thou wast “an outcast and a stranger, and thy home received thee not.” And blessed be that man who first relieved thy wants, though he were but an humble seller of drugs; and I have God’s own word in saying that “great will be his reward in heaven.”

The same will I say of that other friend of thine, who, meeting thee in distress, shared with thee his last penny to set thee up a physician—yea, a very London doctor. Who will ever forget thy first appearance as Doctor Goldsmith, with thy second-handed green velvet coat? Shall I remind thee of the fortnight-worn shirt and neckcloth which, when closely buttoned up, the said coat so well concealed; or shall I blame or laugh at that weakness and vanity of thine, which to hide a patch which it carried on its dexter breast, always induced thee, impressively to deliver thy opinions with thy hand on thy heart; or shall I rather notice that somewhat fortunate turn which thy practice took in bringing thee acquainted through the humble means of a printer’s devil, with the author of the much famed “*Clarissa*?” Knowing all thy fame, how hard is it for me to recollect that thou thus becam’st the drudging proof reader of his office. I next find thee an usher in a London boarding-school. How thou wast brow-beaten by the master—hated for thy ugly face by the mistress, and worried by the boys within, and not permitted to stir without, is a situation which thy sensitive heart must have acutely felt. But as thou hast said “there are ups and downs in the history of every man;



and he who travels much through life, must expect frequently to have his head where his heels ought to be."

And now would I gladly pass by thy early struggles at authorship, all of which thy biographer has accurately remembered. I would recount for our mutual gratification, thy various and many works, upon so many and various topics—but we should spend the whole evening in doing so, and our few remaining potations would fall far short of the innumerable exquisite sentiments, which justice and good taste would constrain us to quaff.

With a just exultation and a very becoming and necessary precision, thy biographer has dated the very day and month, in the year of our Lord 1761, when fortune enabled thee to leave thy humble garret in Arbor court for more commodious rooms in Fleet street. Of thy garret, however, I shall not pass it by without honorable mention. Though situated among a nest of poverty-stricken tenements, who can forget it was there thy genius conceived some of its proudest works? Was it confinement to thy poor body, to be squeezed and cramped in this little space? How glorious the contrast when issuing from thy concealment thou couldst feel that there was yet within thee an inheritance coming from God alone, which not all the power of princes could take away, and which was yet to make thy name not the in-dweller of palaces and kingdoms only, but of all the world, wherever, in any part of it, literature is known. What though one old chair was all the furniture thy room could boast of! how many would now give a price that would have saved thee a whole life of craving, only to sit in the same—yea even to behold its identity. What though a dim fire never at any time sufficiently fed with coals served to protect thy ill clad body from the pinchings of winter—how many would have been warmed for a whole age by the remembrance of one day's enjoyment of thy humor, thy wit, or thy whimsicalities. But who shall presume to speak of such a place, when thy own words hath embalmed its memory.

"Stay, traveller; and though within,  
Nor gold nor glittering gems are seen  
To strike the ravished eye,  
Yet enter, and thy well pleased mind,  
Beneath this humble roof shall find,  
What gold can never buy.

Within this solitary cell,  
Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,  
Parents of bliss sincere;  
Peace spreads abroad her balmy wings,  
And, banished from the courts of kings  
Has fixed her mansion here."

But his bodily part will no longer remain disenhumed. I am no longer permitted to play with the illusion of his life, and painful as is the reality, I must dispel the vision in which I have been indulging, and join in paying the last tribute to the memory of

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH,  
Poet, Natural Philosopher, Historian,  
Who left no species of writing untouched, or unadorned by his  
pen, whether to move laughter or draw tears.  
He was a powerful yet gentle master over the affections;  
Of a genius sublime, lively, and versatile,  
In expression noble, pure and elegant.  
His memory will last as long as society retains affection,  
Friendship is not void of truth, and  
Reading is held in esteem."

The life of no writer of the English language presents more that is to be loved and admired, or to be pitied and forgiven—to be imitated for its fullness of charity, meekness and love, or to be avoided for its exhibition of weakness and frailty. He tells us in one of the best portraits ever drawn of himself, that his education wound him up to be a mere *machine of pity*, that he was rendered incapable of withstanding the slightest impression made either by real or fictitious distress; in a word, that he was perfectly instructed in the art of *giving* away thousands, before he was ever taught the more necessary qualification of *getting* a farthing; and it was an apt figure, when he compared himself on his first entrance into the busy and insidious world, to one of those gladiators who were exposed without armor in the amphitheatre at Rome. How characteristic of the man is the following:—One day at a dinner table with several of his friends, he was observed to rush into the street, and with tears in his eyes, to give all he had in his pockets to a ballad-singer. Upon being accused of wastefulness by some of the company, "Oh, said he, you were all saying how sweetly she sung, but you did not perceive the deep misery of her notes." At the death of such a man, with such a heart, it was nothing more than a fit exhibition of feeling, that Burke should have burst into tears—that Sir Joshua Reynolds should have relinquished painting for a whole week, a thing he never did before even for a single day—that Johnson himself should have grown melancholy for weeks, and have been found continually in tears.

"Adieu, sweet bard, to each fine feeling true,  
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;  
Those forced to charm, e'en vision minds, and these,  
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.



Another's wo thy heart could always melt,  
None gave more free—for none more deeply felt.  
Sweet bard adieu; thy own harmonious lays  
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise.  
Yes, these survive to Time's remotest day,  
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.  
Reader, if numbered in the muses train,  
Go—tune thy lyre, and imitate the strain;  
But if no poet, then reverse the plan,  
Depart in peace, and imitate the man."

---

GUILETTA: OR, THE FAIR HEAD.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF LYSER.\*]

The house of the banker C—— in L—— was the resort of all strangers of distinction. On one evening in the week, his house was thrown open for the reception of company: his visitors were many—for they were sure of finding pleasant entertainment, intellectual men, fair women, and excellent wine. One evening, the conversation happened to turn upon Victor Hugo—Dumas, and the romantic school. A young physician who was present, discoursed critically on the subject, and finally offered to amuse them with a narration which, though true, resembled in some of its features the fictions of the author of *Notre Dame*. The company willingly agreed to the proposed interruption of their conversation, taking it for granted that the story would repay their attention.

I had at one time, said the physician, a singular predilection for the study of anatomy. No anatomical lecture room in the city where I lived, was unvisited by me, and among the faculty I passed for an enthusiast. It is about ten years since I studied in ——; the professor of that institution ranked eminently high—devoted, soul and body, to science, the world is indebted to him for many discoveries. His death, which happened soon after, was universally regretted both at home and abroad. Not less eager for knowledge than himself, I was quite his "*man*, (as he named me, though I had hardly numbered eighteen years,) he employed me as an assistant, and gave me all the instruction necessary for the often difficult services he required.

As the sciences of phisiology and phisiognomy, were to him branches of importance, he had careful drawings made of such faces as he wished to preserve, and kept in his pay for this pur-

---

(\*The story is somewhat altered from the original.)

pose a young artist, whose sketches are now universally admired.

Yet more! he had collected at a great expense, the heads of remarkable suicides and malefactors; and by an art which he alone understood, had preserved them so well, that thirty years after death, each head presented the fresh appearance of one just dead.

I was anxious to see the collection, but I knew the professor averse to the admission of any one into this sanctuary, and ventured not to ask so great a favor. One day, however, in speaking of a friseur who had been executed ten years before, and whose head was in his collection, I chanced to ask if there was any distortion of the features. "You can see," said he, and beckoned me to follow him. We crossed the hall where we generally worked, and entered a door leading into a small vaulted chamber. Around the room, stood tin cases, or boxes, with glass covers; each contained a head. The professor took out the head of the individual of whom we had been speaking, and gave it into my hands. It was large and heavy, well formed, and seemed that of a man about thirty years old; the complexion natural, the brow and features composed; there was no expression of pain, no distortion.

Thus we went from case to case, from head to head, till we came to the last. It was not like the others, covered with glass, but with tin, and was secured by a padlock. "And here?" I asked. The professor looked first at me, then at the case, and seemed undecided whether to open it or not. At last he drew from his bosom a small key, and unlocked it. I came nearer. "Gently!" said he, while he laid his hand on the cover: "first, you must promise me that you never, as long as I live, will reveal what this case holds,—the devil! it might cost me dear!—When I am dead you may speak of it; and for that purpose, I will to the best of my remembrance, tell you the story of the head. Now do you promise?"

Without hesitation I promised secrecy.

He opened the case, grasped and drew out a head, by the long fair hair, the sight of which made my senses whirl.

The speaker paused, as if afraid to continue the narration.

"Well, doctor!" said the hostess, "go on, was the head so frightful."

"Frightful!" said the young physician, striking his forehead, "Madam, it was the head of an angel; a maiden, who had not numbered twenty summers."

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed the ladies. The men looked astonished at the narrator, as he proceeded.

"In vain would I seek for words to paint the charms of that face. It was in shape a beautiful oval, and though the lines were well defined, was rounded with grace, and youthful fullness.—



The finely arched brow of dazzling white, contrasted beautifully with the hair, and the delicately pencilled eyebrows: the eyes themselves were gently closed, and shaded by long soft lashes. Even frightful death had not taken away its soft expression from the voluptuous mouth. You seemed to look upon a lovely sleeper; had not the severed neck meaningly announced, "*this head fell on the scaffold!*" I know not how long I held it, looking at it with unspeakable pleasure, and yet with unspeakable horror; at length I recovered myself. The professor saw my emotion, and a tear stood in the eye of this usually stern man. Without speaking, he took the head, folded it in the long fair locks, and laid it back in the case. Then drawing me out of the chamber, he pressed my hand, desiring me to go with him into his study: half conscious, I obeyed; there he gave me the history of the unhappy Guiletta. Every word of that strange history is indelibly impressed upon my memory; and you shall have it in his own words.

In the year 1780, I was a student in ———. The talk of the whole city was of a certain Count Alfred. Students, artists and nobles, all had some story, either true or false, to relate to each other concerning him.

Count Alfred was indeed an extraordinary person. I mean not merely in appearance, though he wore his long chesnut hair floating over his shoulders, in natural curls; and contemning the fashion of the times, dressed simply, though in costly materials; but he seemed designed by nature to play some extraordinary part. Highly gifted both mentally and personally, he was, as the younger son of a distinguished Austrian family, destined for the church. But he relished not his studies; and escaping with a small sum into Italy, lived for some time under an assumed name at Rome; where, among artists, his spirited sketches as well as his musical talents, excited universal attention. He was noble and high-hearted, and yet there was something about him which repelled intimacy; each one who sought his closer acquaintance, soon shunned him—and he shunned all. Think not, by this, that he was a gloomy misanthrope—cold and reserved—bearing in his looks contempt and scorn; on the contrary, though perhaps in his heart he despised many of his fellow men, he was courteous to all, leading moreover a life of pleasure, and loving women, wine, and song.

His family sought him in vain; after the death, however, of his elder brothers, one after another, he announced himself, and was reconciled to his parents; and the death of his father soon after, left him the sole representative of his family and the possessor of princely wealth.

He came to Germany, and in ——— met many old acquaintances from Italy; among others Prince M. of ———, who invited him to spend some time in his capital. Here the reputation which he had

acquired in Rome, was confirmed in evil as well as good. He soon had as many enemies as acquaintances, among husbands, lovers, and careful fathers. And indeed not without cause—for a second Don Juan, he knew how to subdue the hearts of women. Many rencontres had he on this account, but he was so successful a duellist, and showed such contempt of death, that his enemies began to think it best not to push affairs so far, especially as he was a favorite of the Prince.

Suddenly, Alfred appeared changed. He broke off all his frivolous connexions; gave up his wild orgies, and was no longer an object of distrust to his acquaintances. Long was this change an enigma to the public: until a young physician whom he selected as his friend, (he is old now and tells you this,) succeeded in solving it.

Alfred loved. A young, innocent maiden, had won his heart; an actress at the court theatre. She was not a distinguished beauty, but an artless lovely child. Indeed, many in comparing her with other maidens, would have called her insignificant, as she really was with respect to her profession. Alfred loved her with all the ardour of first love; and honorably. It was not so at first; yet wholly unsuspecting, she trusted him with child-like and perfect confidence. When at last, she discovered his purpose, she reproached him not! she threw herself weeping into his arms, sobbing—"Ah! then you love me not?" It was a lightning gleam on the night of his soul! She *loved* him—she loved him! and he had sought her destruction! Touched by her purity and confidence, he clasped her in his arms, and said "forgive me!—be my wife! I will live for you only! I will try to be worthy of you!" And he kept his word; after a few weeks, he made known his engagement with Amelia: lived only for her; anticipated her every wish; and waited with impatience for the day which was to unite them forever. But fate ordered it otherwise! Amelia sickened, and on her sixteenth birth-day, (it was to have been their wedding day,) died in Alfred's arms; his name, her last word.

Alfred's condition was terrible! he cursed himself—his life—he cursed heaven, whose revenge, as he called it, had overtaken him in so fearful a manner, and sacrificed an innocent being in its fury. All consolations of his friends were in vain; he repelled them; and repeated intrusions enraged him. Only to the young physician, who had been his first confidant, and who did not torment him with expressed sympathy, did he pour out his sorrows.

The first storm of feeling was soon quieted; but a deep melancholy succeeded, which seemed unconquerable; he frequently passed whole nights in the church yard where "his bride" was laid. Her grave was a flower garden: her image was in all his sketches: his poetry breathed but of her, and he wrote with the fervor of a loving heart, bereaved of all it cherished.



When the harvest was over, and the storms came and swept the flowers from Amelia's grave, it seemed as if he too must die. He fell into a burning fever. The physicians gave up all hope, as he resolutely refused to follow their directions. But one—even his friend—watched day and night by his bed; and had the triumph at last of bringing him safely through the crisis of his disorder. The beginning of winter saw his restoration to bodily health. But the health of the mind? who can penetrate the mind? Alfred appeared as before his sickness, sunk in deep melancholy; but he no longer *shunned* society, though he refused to enter into the pursuits of men. This deportment won him the sympathy of many who had been his enemies: and this sympathy seemed gratifying to him. Only the fair sex he seemed to regard with the coldest indifference; but the more he shunned them, the more the women strove to attract his attention; (thus is it ever.) They approached him with gentlest sympathy; and all who know how irresistible is a woman's sympathy, (blush not my young friend! it is no shame that you also know it,) may wonder at Alfred, that he withstood it.

Since Amelia's death, the Count had not visited the theatre; though his friends urged him to go, if only once, to see the far-famed singer Guiletta.

Guiletta was born in Italy of German parents, and united Italian energy and cultivation to German expression and soul. Though only eighteen, her acting was as perfect as her singing. When I add that she was one of the most beautiful of women, you will not wonder at the enthusiasm she excited in old and young of both sexes, when she appeared in the Italian opera. Among the men, she had a legion of adorers. The Prince was one of the number; but he, as well as his competitors, was compelled to confess with chagrin, that the Signora Guiletta was as proud as fair, and as virtuous as proud. All this was told to Alfred to excite his curiosity: but he heeded it not; and the winter was fast passing away, without his having seen the fair stranger.

One day he saw posted at the corners of the streets, play bills with this announcement, "Don Giovanni—or the Dissolute Punished; a comic drama in two acts. Music by W. A. Mozart." And the extra notice, "Donna Anna—Signora Guiletta." Where lives the man, who having once heard this masterpiece of the great Mozart, will not hear it again, as often as opportunity offers, and with increased pleasure! This opera of operas, contains in itself all that can move the human heart—pleasure and pain, hate and love, happiness and torture, mockery, despair, scorn, rage!—how entirely it rules and sways us; none can withstand it! Alfred had heard and appreciated this music; and it needed not the entreaties of his friends, to induce him to attend the theatre. He

entered it with a strange feeling—perhaps a presentiment of the future.

Guiletta exerted herself to the utmost to do justice to the creation of the great German: and her success was complete. Never had the part been so well sustained; the delight of the public knew no bounds. (N. B. The Don Giovanni was then represented entire.) After the play was over, rang a long continued shout of applause, "Donna Anna!—Guiletta!" from all lips.

The Count, without waiting for his companions, rushed from the box, and as he came opposite the private entrance of the stage, his enraptured face and eyes, met at once the eyes and the heart of Guiletta. Why should I multiply words—they became acquainted, and Alfred soon walked the streets with the fair Guiletta hanging upon his arm—envied by all the men—proud as a victor.

The human heart is a strange thing! as all men, wise as well as foolish, know by themselves. Who, a month before, could have believed that Count Alfred would love another woman? and yet he loved Guiletta; and if any thing, more passionately than he had loved Amelia! but alas not so purely. "*Victory*" was again his watchword: Satan had given him power over this unhappy maiden, whose love was her destruction.

He had broken his faith to the dead—this thought haunted him and embittered his sweetest dream in Guiletta's arms. In vain he would mock it away. The more he tried to extract the poisoned arrow, the deeper it rankled in his heart. Then he asked himself the question, "if Amelia had survived *me*, would *she* have remained faithful and true to my memory?" In answering this question, he thought to find an excuse for his faithlessness, and he found it! but at the same time he imbibed suspicion and jealousy of Guiletta. Jealousy has always in it a mixture of the comic. Oh, I have laughed heartily at the masterly representation of this, in Schiller's play of "Court Intrigue and Love,"—where Major Van Walther declaims in a rage at the Court Marshal, Von Kalb; and the "Man of Grief," protests in vain to the noble youth his innocence, of which no one has a doubt! I say I have laughed at the Apollo-like Major, who fancies the Marshal his rival: but at the same time I could exclaim with King Lear, "Let me not be mad, not mad—sweet heavens!" Alfred was indeed worse than the Major Van Walther, for he suspected not his rival. He tried to discover one in vain; for Guiletta was true to him. He concealed his feelings from her—a tenderness which showed not only his love for her, but his morbid condition. It had not been thus with a sound mind. This morbid state could not long endure with such a man as Alfred—how much he must have suffered was evident from his conduct. He became gay—gayer than before! It was easy to see that some great affliction was the cause of all this gayety. Alfred



scoffed at heaven and hell—and laughed a laugh of mockery at his own early dream of happiness. His wild orgies began anew—his amours increased from day to day—but he did not neglect Guiletta. On the contrary, his attention to her was more devoted than ever. He watched her every look; he hung upon her every word; it seemed as if *his* faithlessness was assumed only to prove *her* truth! You may smile at this strange manner of proving love; but it was founded on a deep knowledge of woman's heart. Neglect alone can induce her to seek revenge—faithlessness on the part of the beloved object, is only a spur to a loving woman, to try and win back the lost heart. The more she hates her rival, the more passionately she adores her faithless lover. This was the case with Guiletta. The more frivolous was the behaviour of Alfred, the deeper seemed her love. But one thing was unforeseen: her affection took a gloomy character. If her sufferings destroyed not utterly all strength of mind, she was certainly on the verge of insanity. So passed this strange pair the winter,—envied and deemed happy by the world; but by those who knew them well regarded as most wretched.

The spring came—the spring, with all its delights and wonders; as good and bad poets have sang, to every breast bringing new life and pleasure. Alfred and Guiletta retained their old pleasure, and their old torment.

With the thousand birds and blossoms that were luxuriantly springing up, a thousand torments seemed to rise in their breasts, and a dreadful crisis seemed near. So fate in our own hearts, hurries us on from crisis to crisis, until life seems nothing but one great disease; and we ask ourselves the question—were not a speedy death, even if a violent one, to be desired?

It was a fall morning—not a cloud dimmed the azure expanse of heaven. The sunbeams fell warm and genial, and the breeze came bland and soft from the South; it seemed as if one could hear his heart beating for joy. On Alfred and Guiletta's heart a sun-glance seemed to have fallen. They conversed freely and affectionately; lovingly they wandered forth, and without being conscious of the direction of their steps, entered the church-yard, and walked among the graves.

Was it accident! was it fate! who knows? We shall not, until some one arises to tell us *what* is accident, what is fate. It was exactly a year since Amelia's death, on the same day; the same hour, when Alfred and Guiletta entered the church-yard.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Guiletta, as she stooped down, over a flower covered grave: "How lovely!" repeated she, and bent still lower to read the inscription, on the marble slab, which lay upon the grave, half hid by the flowers. "Who lies here?" But

she quickly rose, picking from among the flowers a half mouldered paper, on which was written in Alfred's hand these words:

"*Thine* even in death!"

"Your hand-writing!" exclaimed she, reading the words aloud, and hastily asked him, "Who lies here?" Alfred had grown deadly pale, but soon collecting himself, laughed wildly, and replied: "A dead love of mine!" and snatching the paper, stuck it deep in the ground with his sword cane, while he added jestingly, "So perishes the fairest flower; so dissolves the holiest love vow! Who knows but we also"——

"Hold!" cried Guiletta, in a broken voice, and casting upon him a cold deathly look.

"No! No!" said he passionately and clasping her in his arms. "No! No! my Guiletta!—but away; away from this place!" and as if struck with horror, he drew her out of the church-yard.

Returning the next morning from an excursion of pleasure, the Prince of —— noticed a great crowd before the hotel of the singer Guiletta—beadles and officers of the police were hurrying to and fro; and just when the police director came down the steps.

"What is the matter?" asked the Prince.

"An awful crime, your highness!" answered the officer—"the Count Alfred was found dead this morning in the house of the Signora Guiletta. She has poisoned him!" The Prince turned pale, and commanded his coachman to drive on quickly.

Guiletta's maid was examined; a middle aged woman, who had entered her service since her arrival at ——. Madelon, (so was the woman called) declared that Alfred and her mistress had returned together the evening before. The Count was in excellent spirits, the lady on the contrary gloomy, and sad, though evidently struggling to appear cheerful. At nine o'clock, as usual, they sat down to supper, dismissing the attendants. The next morning at ten, as her mistress had not yet rung for her, the maid grew alarmed, and entered first the anti-chamber, then the cabinet. There lay the Count, his head upon the sofa, quite cold and stiff, and near him, her arms convulsively clasped around him, the senseless Guiletta. After many vain attempts Madelon, succeeded in restoring her mistress to life. The unhappy lady gazed wildly round her, till seeing the corpse, with a shriek she threw herself upon it, crying—"I am thy murderess!" then sunk again into insensibility.

Guiletta was arrested; she laughed and wept by turns like a maniac; but hesitated not to confess the crime. *Jealousy* was the cause. Calmly and apparently in sound mind, she confessed how the first thought of such a deed had entered her soul; how the purpose had been nourished—how she had resolved upon its ex-



ecution. She had indeed loved Count Alfred; hence her weakness after all was over; but she repented it not! nay, were it possible that her faithless lover could live again, she would—(here she shuddered and laughed wildly,) again do the deed—to free the earth of such a monster!

I leave to you what to think of this confession! The reverend judges at —— received it as a confession in legal form; and the physician, on whom the prisoner's advocate called, assured him that the Signora Guiletta was perfectly sane; that he had observed in her no signs of mental alienation, consequently that she was responsible for the crime.

Be not astonished, my friend; there are even at this day as great fools among our fraternity!

The laws of that time and of that country were made and administered in the spirit of a semi-barbarous age. The letter of the law denounced death; and Guiletta's sentence was laid before the prince.

It was the general opinion that his Highness, moved by the youth and beauty of the singer, would grant her a pardon. A day or two's delay confirmed the opinion, particularly as the confidential servant of the prince had more than one interview with Madelon; but it pleased his Highness to sign the warrant, and three days after, at an early hour in the morning, Guiletta was beheaded. Her body was given to the anatomist; but it was buried—the professor only retaining the head. Soon after he left —— and went, no one knew whither.

One stormy evening in February, 1793, a band of Sans-culottes, rushed down the street of St. Honore in Paris, dragging with them a stranger of noble aspect.

They stopped before a gloomy-looking old-fashioned house, and knocking furiously at the door cried—"Open the door! open the door citizen Le Petit, we bring you a new customer!" Presently a window above was opened, and a strange figure, with a lighted lamp appeared. It was a man, apparently about fifty years old, with a dark, sallow face, one half of which was covered with a black plaster; a gaudily flowered dressing gown, hung like a robe round his withered limbs: on his head was a tangled red peruke, surmounted by a high white night-cap, ornamented with a large tri-coloured cockade. It was Doctor Le Petit.

"A customer!" said he in a croaking voice. A customer, is his head off?"

"Not yet!" answered a young lad, laughing. "You must give him quarters to night. The guillotine has had hard work to-day, and our man's turn comes first to morrow morning. That is, if he does not go off by an extra post, for the fright has nearly killed him. For that reason we have brought him to you, that you

might revive him a little; and to morrow you shall have him warm from the knife!"

"Well done, my brave fellows!" said Le Petit, and leaving the window he soon opened the door; one of the sans-culottes dragged the prisoner over the dark threshold.

"Oh, God!" sighed he.

"What the devil!" cried Le Petit, and stopped. "This is a German!"

"Certainly!" answered the young sans-culotte, and a nobleman too! We snared the bird in an aristocratic nest, when they would betray the republic to foreign beadies!"

"A plague on the fool!" growled the doctor, opening his chamber door. "In—in now—altogether!"

"Not so, citizen," answered the fellow; "we trust you, and give the prisoner to your keeping. Your head answers for his! we have much business to-night: early to-morrow we take him—if you have not croaked him to death in the time! Come, comrades!" and shaking the doctor's hand, he and his comrades made their exit, shouting, as they had come.

"*Tête Dieu!*" murmured the doctor to himself—"that I had you all under the guillotine!" Then turning to the stranger, he said in German—"Take courage, Sir! perhaps I can save you; at least you are not the first I have saved from those blood-hound's fangs. Had they the least suspicion, my head would pay for it; but we will hope for the best."

"You are a German?" asked the stranger joyfully.

"No longer! It goes hard here in Paris it is true; but it is done quickly! Oh! in Germany it is slow murder—and yet horrible!"

"He had, as he said this, lighted a lamp, and turned to the stranger; but horror-struck he started back when he saw his face.

"In God's name—what ails you?" asked the stranger.

Le Petit stared at him a moment in silence, and then exclaimed, scarcely articulating the words—"Prince M——"

"For the sake of mercy, betray me not!" supplicated the prisoner. It was the prince of ———.

The physician laughed strangely; "Oh no!" said he; "but your Highness does not recognise *me!*"

The prince looked at him anxiously, and at length answered—"Indeed, I do not recognise you!"

"I believe you!" said Le Petit; "great people forget the insignificant; but we of the *canaille* have devilish good memories! *Exempla sunt odiosa!*"

"What mean you! in heaven's name!" cried the Prince, growing more alarmed.

"Oh nothing!" answered Le Petit; at the same time ringing for a domestic, he ordered refreshments, and invited his guest to eat. The condition of the latter was dreadful!



"How do you think to save me?" asked he.

"I will think of that presently."

"Let me fly! the darkness of the night will favor my escape!"

"That will I not. My house door is watched; my own servants would betray me. We were both lost! Eat, I pray you."

"Oh God! I cannot!"

"Pah! drink then." He filled two glasses and handed one to the prince, holding his own in expectation. The prince, in his agitation, overturned the glass. Le Petit filled it anew. A long pause ensued.

"Save me! save me!" again supplicated his guest.

"Your highness," said the doctor dryly, "your highness! you seem to be in great fear of death! You should have stayed in your own country."

"My God! who could have foreseen this catastrophe?"

"Who? who not? yet surely, not princes nor courtiers. *Who could have foreseen this catastrophe?* Oh! so will ask your children, and your children's children: for you learn nothing and forget nothing.—You do not drink, Prince? Would you go to sleep?"

Shuddering, the prisoner declined this proposal, and told the history of his arrest in a house where many French nobles and foreigners had sought refuge; again and more earnestly imploring his gloomy host to tell him how he purposed to save him.

Le Petit seemed to struggle with himself, at last he said—"I know but of one way."

The prince listened breathlessly. Le Petit continued:

"I am an anatomist, as you may have gathered from the *sans culottes*; and they, out of love and friendship, (for I pass for an excellent citizen,) supply me with bodies fresh from the guillotine. Shudder not! Many doomed to death have I thereby saved—for none have control over *my* art. All who have been brought alive, as you are, to my house, whom I believed innocent, I have saved by asserting that I myself played their butcher for the benefit of science! It is easy to deceive the blood-hounds. I am execrated all over Paris; for there is now a better party in power than that of the good Marat. This is my trouble. I have a body in the house, but I cannot give him for your highness, for he is humpbacked, and among the *sans-culottes* who brought you there are many medical students. I must show them your body to-morrow morning; the only plan of escape is this;—I must give you a drink which will make you seem dead till to-morrow evening. When my good friends come in the morning, I will take them to a marble table, where your highness shall be laid out, like a dead body."

The Prince shuddered, and murmured half to himself—"Who is this citizen?"

"Your highness trusts me not?" said the anatomist, half smiling; if you knew me, perhaps you would trust me less; but by the great God whose name so many profane when they subscribe themselves "by God's grace"—I wish to save you, as I have saved many innocent."

"If you save me," protested the Prince, "my gratitude shall know no bounds; your reward shall be worthy."

Le Petit changed countenance. "I said, I wished to save your highness; it is for you to decide."

"When must I take the drink?"

"Immediately."

"And where shall I pass the night?"

"When you have taken the drink, you will fall into a lethargy, which will soon deepen to complete insensibility. I will then call my servant and say—"The blow has killed him!" You will be carried into the dissecting room and laid upon the marble table."

"Where the guillotined lie?" asked the Prince with horror.

Le Petit shrugged his shoulders. "It must be so."

"Oh! why do you tell me so!"

"You wish to hear the truth. You will feel nothing when you have taken the drink."

"Let me only see the place of horror."

Le Petit answered slowly and earnestly—"Ask it not, your highness—without consciousness only, should you enter there." Hark! what was that? What?"

The clock struck. "One, two! the morning begins to break, decide quickly; we have but an hour at farthest!"

"I will," said the Prince in death-like agony, "I will; but I conjure you; let me see the place."

Le Petit looked strangely. "Come," said he at length; "but be the consequence on your own head! I have warned you."

He took the lamp, motioned to the Prince to follow him, and led the way through a side cabinet into the dissecting room.—On a marble slab in the middle of the hall lay a mis-shapen corpse, near it the bloody head; around the room were ranged skeletons, glasses containing spirits of wine, and many large tin cases.

The Prince trembled all over.

"This is my private work-room," said Le Petit; I am a little crowded, and except my kitchen, you see here my whole shop." He set down the lamp and pushing the body a little aside, said, "Here your highness will lie."

"'Tis well," said the other in desperation; "Give me the drink!"

"Come then to my chamber."

He took up the lamp; the Prince followed him a few paces, but overcome by his feelings, he tottered; and grasping a case



that stood near, to support himself, it fell with him to the ground.

With a cry of horror, the anatomist sprang forward; "the consequences," he articulated in a hollow voice, "be on your head!"

"Forgive, forgive me!" cried the Prince; "but away, away from this place! Give me—Give me the drink!"

Le Petit laughed long and wildly, till all the glasses rung: "Stop, my good friend," he cried with ineffable scorn; "not so fast. Did I not warn you not to come into my workshop? Look here! Here!" and he took a head from the case and held it up before the Prince.

"Guiletta!" shrieked the Prince, starting back horror-struck, "Guiletta!" repeated the anatomist in a terrible voice; "Ay, the unhappy girl, whom you sent innocent to the scaffold! Murderer! Poisoner! Think you I know not it was *you* who poisoned Count Alfred? Know *me* at last!" and tearing off his cap and peruke, and removing the plaster from his cheek, the petrified prisoner recognised the professor of ———, the bosom friend of the murdered Count.

"I did *not* poison him," faintly he exclaimed; "I was absent at ———"

"Your own hand—I know—mingled not the draught; but the deed was *yours*! Madelon! Ha! you grow pale at that name! She was the agent of your demon designs! She aided you to remove a rival—to practice on the suffering lady, whom yet you feared to save from an unjust doom! Speak not—speak not!" cried the anatomist, as he saw the lips of the Prince move; "perjure not your soul in this hour of mortal danger! Madelon died here! From her lips I received the confession. Will you deny it now?"

"Pardon! mercy!" gasped the criminal, crouching to the ground in the extremity of terror. Suddenly a tumult was heard without; a knocking at the door, and the clamor of wild voices. "Open, citizen Le Petit. We are come!" Le Petit quickly resumed his disguise and stepped towards the door.

"Mercy!" groaned the Prince, embracing his knees.

"Too late," was the reply: "the avengers call for their victim; suffer here, look for mercy above!" With powerful grasp he seized the trembling suppliant, dragged him into the outer apartment and opened the door.

The sans-culottes rushed in. "Where is the prisoner," they roared.

Le Petit pointed to the sofa, where lay the Prince, half insensible. "There, my brave fellows; he has passed a bad night; but he is alive;—deal gently with him, and make short work."

"Never fear, citizen, and you shall have him again when he is done for."

"I will have none of him."

"What the devil!" cried one, "what the devil!—Professor, are you mad, to refuse so handsome a corpse?"

"*Tête Dieu!* take him yourself, if you please. I will have none of him."

The sans-culotte laughed;—grasped the Prince by the collar and pulled him from the sofa, saying, "Come, Monsieur."

"Whither?"

"To the guillotine." He flung him to his companions.

"Good morning, citizen Le Petit."

Le Petit waved his hand in silence, turned away, and the sans-culottes left the house with their prisoner.

The principality of ——— in 1807, one large domain, in 1814 was divided into thirty-eight small states.

The anatomist soon left Paris and France, carrying with him the head of Guilletta. When he dies, his request is—Let the fair head have rest!

As concerns the anatomist, (thus concluded the young physician his tale) I have fulfilled his request. I buried Guilletta's head in his garden; it must long ere this have mouldered to dust.

The ladies, though somewhat pale, professed themselves very well pleased with the story;—the men, however, thought it as detestable as horrible.

---

#### 'TIS HARD TO CHECK THE SPIRIT'S PLAY.

'Tis hard to check the spirit's play,  
To veil the bounding of the heart,  
To keep a calm and steady way,  
And bid fond thoughts depart;—

To gaze upon a well-known face  
Like votary on a shrine,  
Each well-remembered feature trace,  
Each deep-engraven line;—

And yet to see no answering beams  
Thrill back upon your soul,  
But chill and calm, as winter streams,  
Beneath the moonlight roll.



EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY, ENTITLED  
"THE MAID OF FLORENCE."

ACT 2ND.—SCENE 1ST. *Bianca's Apartment.* [*Enter Bianca.*]

BIANCA.

The noble mind, with intuition's skill,  
Detects the noble mind ; and known, tis loved.  
Tis so: nor will I seek, with feeble cunning,  
To hide me from myself. Why should I blush  
To own a heart alive to genuine worth?  
Why should I blush to own a kindred spirit  
With his heroic soul? Oh, how unlike,  
In every attribute of real worth,  
To Florence' feeble sons!—  
Of noblest birth; in nature's bounties rich,  
Each outward act bespeaks his inward worth.  
The air of greatness, accent of command;—  
Unused to sue, and yet in suit resistless.  
Resistless?—I confess, to me resistless.  
Oh sudden revolution! reason doubts,  
And memory starts to look upon the past.  
Recall one little day—and oh how false,  
How wildly perjured would I deem that tongue,  
Which dare predict this waking of my soul  
To new and untried passions. Yet tis nature.  
The maiden passing through her girlish days,  
Untouched by passion's fire, and reaching to  
The full maturity of womanhood,—  
Then, when at length she loves, she loves indeed !  
So the long smothered fire, breaking out,  
Shoots forth a fiercer flame; the mountain stream  
Barred of its course by artificial bounds,  
With gathered force, and fiercer by restraint,  
Bursts forth resistless on its wild career!

(*Enter Savola.*)

My father here! What now has brought him hither!

SAVOLA.

Was ever state so cursed as hapless Florence!  
No peace, no rest, no quiet hour is her's.  
War's fierce convulsive struggle hardly o'er,  
And the deceitful hope of harmony  
Just budding in our hearts—  
Forth the volcano bursts in civil strife,  
Mocks our fond hopes and blasts the flower of peace  
For you, poor Florence.

ANTONIO.

Guido Donati is among the slain;  
And many followers of either house  
Have lost their lives. Dominico Uberti  
Lies gored with grievous wounds, in doubtful case.

SAVOLA.

Oh fatal chance! This but begins our troubles.  
Soon shall we see those *fatal* feuds revived,  
Which sapped our strength of old: which late we hoped  
Were buried in oblivion.

ANTONIO.

Tis too certain.

The fierce Donati muster now their friends,  
And vow revenge on the Uberti's heads,  
Who, nothing backward, summon their allies  
To bring their aid in arms—  
Each noble house, by blood or friendship swayed,  
Or else impelled by hatred, now takes part,  
In this detested quarrel. Kinsmen, friends,  
Retainers, clients—all must lend their aid  
To shake the tottering state. Soon shall we see  
One half the state in arms against the other.  
E'en now the factious bands array themselves,  
And edge their swords for suicidal war.

SAVOLA.

Alas, what can be done? How may we calm  
This sudden storm? (*Bianca listens with fixed attention.*)

ANTONIO.

When meet the seignory?

SAVOLA.

This hour they meet; but they are powerless.  
Divided amongst themselves; and destitute  
Of force or confidence.

ANTONIO.

Yet something must be done. Bethink you what—  
Let them proclaim.

SAVOLA.

Talk not of proclamations.

Words cannot calm the fury of revenge,  
Nor sheath the sword of faction.

ANTONIO.

Let them then

Call on the friends of order to take arms  
Against the first *infringers* of the peace.

SAVOLA.

That too were vain; the peaceful and the timid  
Already house themselves and bar their doors,  
Against the coming strife.



External peace begets intestine war,  
And arms your cruel sons against each other.  
Compared with these, your foreign foes are friends.  
They wound and hack the limbs, but your own sons  
Assail your bosom, bare their murderous swords,  
And in each other, wound you at the heart.

BIANCA.

Father, what now? What is it moves you thus?

SAVOLA.

Why—know you not? It was a leaden sleep,  
That weighed your senses down, and stopped your ears  
To the tumultuous voices of the night.

BIANCA.

I heard no more than sounds of boisterous mirth.  
What more occurred?

SAVOLA.

On the last night, our youth, so late returned  
Flushed with their victory, their tempers edged  
Both with the want and licence of the camp,  
Held their wild orgies, every noble chief  
His friends and followers feasting. Deep the draughts,  
Loud are the shouts, and lengthened the carousal  
Of soldiers after victory. At length,  
Their deep potations having done their work,  
They sally out upon the peaceful night  
In various bands, and ere its calming breath  
Can cool their brains, full many a wild excess  
Hath marked their course. But, by a luckless chance,  
Two numerous bands in opposition met  
Within a narrow street; one issuing forth  
From the Uberti's halls, the other feasted  
By the Donati. Deadly enmities  
Divide their houses, and too oft their names  
Have been the signal word for fatal strife.  
Their friends and clients, all maddened now with wine,  
Are nothing loath to prove their fiery zeal  
For their good patrons' honour. Either band  
Shout loud their *watchword*, and demand the way.  
High words and blows, in quick succession follow.  
Fierce grows the strife, and still some new arrival  
Adds fuel to the flame; till the Donati,  
By numbers overpowered, yield the pass  
To their exulting foes. On either hand  
Blood has been freely shed, and life been lost;  
But more I know not.

(Enter Antonio.)

Brother what with you?

Yet know you who have fallen in the fray?

ANTONIO.

Alas, I know not  
What further to suggest.

SAVOLA.

Nor I! nor I!

BIANCA.

Wilt thou then do nothing?—  
Dost thou delight to see the streets of Florence  
Empurpled with her blood? Wilt thou do naught?

SAVOLA.

What can I do? I lack not will but power.  
I am an old and feeble man, my child,  
You over-rate me. I am powerless.

BIANCA.

You are not powerless. Long life, well used,  
Has given you wisdom and authority.  
The people love you, trust you, and are swayed  
Full oft by your *opinion*—  
Now at this troubled hour, patriot-like,  
Stand boldly forth and point the way to safety.

SAVOLA.

I know it not.

BIANCA.

Then hark to me. Oft weakest instruments,  
In heaven's hands, the greatest deeds achieve,  
And by the idiot's tongue, its wisdom speaks,  
Go to the council; cause the bells to ring  
The summons to each citizen of Florence  
To instant meeting in the public square.  
Stand boldly forth before assembled Florence  
And speak thou thus:  
Amid the wild commotion of the times,  
Internal discord's strife and foreign war,  
We must intrust the safety of the state,  
Unto a single hand.—With fearless voice  
Demand their votes for him thou shalt propose;  
Name a podesta—

SAVOLA AND ANTONIA.

Whom?

BIANCA.

Who but Colonna!

SAVOLA AND ANTONIO.

Colonna! true.

BIANCA.

Who but Colonna, with undaunted soul,  
Can stem the torrent of this wild commotion?  
Can calm the riotous, control the proud,  
And lay the tempest, which would wreck the state?



Who but Colonna wield the present power  
 To bind sedition's arms? And who but he,  
 With either party wholly unallied,  
 Can deal impartial justice to the wronged,  
 And him who wrongs him? Rust we now in peace,  
 And strive among ourselves for want of action?  
 Are Florence's foes asleep? Have they forgot  
 The road to Florence' gates? And who but he  
 Can tame the foes of Florence?—  
 For these seditious men, his name alone  
 Will tame their wildest rage; if not, his lance  
 Shall sweep the hardy rebels from our streets,  
 And quench the flames of faction in their blood!

ANTONIO.

A wonder! that a youthful maiden's lips  
 Should teach the gray head wisdom.

SAVOLA.

'Tis true, Colonna bears a dauntless soul;  
 He only wields the *present needful* power;  
 With either party wholly unallied,  
 He may be firm and just.—We are beset  
 With watchful foes, to whom this inbred strife  
 Will yield a fearful opening.—

BIANCA.

Sharp ills demand sharp cures. Full many a state  
 At some dread crisis has to one intrusted  
 Her total power, to be by him restored  
 To peaceful safety.

SAVOLA.

And, alas; too oft  
 Had bitter cause to mourn the misplaced trust.

BIANCA.

Nay fear not that. Now on the eve of wreck  
 On discord's rock, gaze not beyond for dangers.

ANTONIO.

Well urged; and if one must be made podesta,  
 Colonna is that one.

SAVOLA.

Come, brother, to the council. We will urge  
 With fearless voice on assembled Florence  
 This wise and needful measure.

[*Going.*

BIANCA.

Be bold, my father; paint in startling hues  
 The fearful ills encircling the state.—

[*Exeunt Savola and Antonio.*

Have I done well, my father thus deceiving?  
 Dissimulation's mask is new to me,  
 And conscience starts to gaze upon its features—

But why should conscience clog me with remorse?  
 I have but pointed out the safest path.  
 When private motive serve the public good,  
 Why should we not obey them? I waste time.  
 Colonna must be warned. (*Sits and writes.*) And he is wise.  
 A single word will warn him——  
 Theresa! come—I need you.—

(*Enter Theresa.*)

THERESA.

Here, my lady.

BIANCA. (*Giving a note.*)

This to Colonna—by some trusty hand  
 With speed and secrecy.

THERESA.

It shall be done.

[*Exit Theresa.*]

BIANCA.

Who says that women have but feeble souls?  
 But narrow minds, and fearful trembling hearts?  
 Colonna, no! I will be worthy of you!—  
 I hope—but will not speak my budding hopes  
 Till they be ripened to realities!

[*Exit*]

#### FREEDOM LIVES NOT ALONE.

Here is a lyric after the manner of Campbell—whether in his spirit or not, is quite another thing :

Freedom lives not alone,  
 Where wheels the solitary eagle's flight,  
 Soaring o'er snow-clad mountain height—  
 The heaven—his throne—  
 And where the rushing wind  
 Bearing the storm-cloud in his mighty clasp,  
 A sullen captive, writhing in his grasp,  
 Leaves thought behind:—  
 Not there does freedom dwell—  
 In the true heart's unreached and firm domain  
 Where no unhallowed passions seek to reign—  
 In that pure cell  
 She seeks and finds repose—  
 And deep within its calm and placid rest,  
 The harmony of soul and quiet of the breast,  
 Her light still glows.

September 18.



## EDITOR'S PORT FOLIO.

---

### GLANCES AT OUR POETICS—NO. IV.

☞ OUR fourth banquet is spread before you, gentle reader, not without some trouble in thus selecting a hash—a dish of funeral baked meats—for your especial delight. It is an old saying that the “nearer the bone,” &c., and we trust that this our gathering together, may prove no contradiction to the adage. Here is a breathing of our friend H., which has unaccountably been mislaid since its date, in some obscure nook and crevice of our “limbo of varieties.” Few but will recognize the fairy and poetic touch.

#### EUROPE.

*Thoughts suggested by reading an account of the French Revolution.*

Ye bright Parnassian nymphs, at whose blest shrine  
The power of intellect in every clime  
Hath bowed, to crave the influence divine,  
Which issues from your sacred hill sublime:  
Bear me aloft on fancy's buoyant wing,  
And smile upon the lyre which now I string.

Oh! lofty theme! teach me, my lyre now strung,  
To sing how Europe lay upon the brink  
Of utter anarchy—how England flung  
Her valor in the scale—severing the link  
That else had bound her to a tyrant's throne,  
The tame submissive vassal of his crown.

Vengeance long slumbering, there at length awoke,  
Unsheathed, in freedom's cause, her righteous sword;  
From prostrate nations, tore the usurper's yoke,  
And laws and rights to Europe then restored:  
But say, does Europe now no chain endure,  
In her just laws and equal rights secure?

When freedom gave her banner to the breeze,  
And nations to her glorious standard came,  
Could there be one from love of vassal ease,  
Would linger still amid her chains?—oh shame!  
Didst thou not then, confounded, blush to see  
Those slaves, who had they will'd it, might be free.

Answer Italia! is the papal chain  
Rent from thine own once free and classic soil?  
And, hast thou burst thy bonds, romantic Spain,  
—The meet reward of all thy blood and toil?  
Art thou, fair Greece, once beautiful and free,  
Blest with the dawning light of liberty?

Behold, from Waterloo's ensanguined plain  
The demon tyranny once more revives,  
O'er struggling nations binds her galling chains,  
And her dark web again more firmly weaves:  
Lo! Europe humbly bows to take the yoke  
And the vile chains, which she so lately broke.

Say! can it be, insulted freedom yet maintains  
One altar in thy land, degenerate Gaul!  
And thou look calmly on—while northern chains  
Bend Poland down! See in her hapless fall  
Thy future history—should Russia's strength  
Become co-equal with her pride at length.

Shall England vaunt the freedom of her soil,  
Her strength and prowess to the nations boast,  
Whilst 'neath the weight of her strong chains—the Isle  
Of Erin, mourns her happy freedom lost.  
Proud in the liberty her strength secures,  
Feels not the chains a sister realm endures.

Oh say, shall liberty no more relume  
Her long insulted, desecrated shrines!  
No more remove the darksome cloud—whose gloom  
Conceals the chains which tyranny entwines!  
Oh, yes! there yet is hope—we yet will trust  
To see her temples rising from the dust.

There still is hope! Italia shall revive  
With phoenix spirit from the sacred dust!  
When church dissevered from the state shall give  
That mental freedom she hath lost, the rust  
Of superstition from her strength shall fall,  
And not one bond her once free sons enthrall.

Thou spoiled, yet lovely Greece, we weep to dwell  
Upon the struggle which thou late sustained;  
Cramped by intriguing thrones—alas to tell,  
Thou did'st but burst thy bonds to be enchained!  
Yet, shall the vigour of thy youth return!  
Thy lamp of knowledge yet relit shall burn.



Spain too—the land of chivalry and song,  
 Shall break the gloom long brooding o'er her soil:  
 And Erin's harp—to liberty ere long  
 Shall wake, and thrill the sons of her green Isle:  
 Dismembered Poland shall unite again  
 And rend away the usurper's galling chain.

Yes, liberty shall light her urn anew  
 On Europe's then unshackled shore, and ope  
 Her banner to a world's admiring view!  
 Religion break the car of war!—fair hope  
 The thirst for knowledge shall revive again,  
 And peace and freedom o'er the nation reign.

H.

Charleston, Feb. 16, 1836.

Next, and in contradistinction to this, take the following Anacreontic, though it passes our classic knowledge to recall the exact ode to which it strikes us as bearing a dim and distant resemblance, sounding on the ear like the faint and ill-remembered melody of some once familiar tune.

TO CUPID.

In thy wavy ringlets hiding,  
 Round thy lips in rapture gliding,  
 In thy glances quick and fleeting,  
 Gleaming now, and now retreating,  
 In thy low tones sudden darting,  
 Through rosy lips that mourn their parting,  
 On thy bosom gently dwelling,  
 With thy heart's pulse wildly swelling,  
 Or, on thy pure brow mildly beaming,  
 Brow like driven snow wreath seeming,  
 If thou drive him from those charms,  
 Send him—Lady—to mine arms.  
 But, if thou mourn the sportive elf,  
 Why, Lady, come to them yourself.

G. B.

August 28.

Though the above is somewhat Tom Mooreish, it runs smoothly upon the willing ear.—“Paulo majora canamus.”

Another lyric, and of a different stamp, the product evidently of a distinct order of mind—one of those outpourings which spring from the spirit, when drawn back upon the memories of the past.

“The night and thought are free—  
 Then on the countless stars  
 High rolling on their silver cars  
 I gaze and think of thee.  
 The arched abyss above  
 Is not by half so bright,  
 As those dear eyes' soul searching light  
 When they are touched by love.

Their beauty has no soul,  
Nor do their spheres discourse  
In tones of half such magic force  
All gladly as they roll.

I cannot see in them  
The changes of thy kindling eye,  
Nor can those answering glances fly  
From nature's dearest gem.

E. R.

*Philadelphia, Sept. 18.*

Here again is another specimen from our friend Juvenis, of Athens, Ga. We would welcome any thing further from him, as a favour to be acknowledged with due gratitude—but beg leave to remind him that Bissextile has passed, and if he wait for the fair to woo him, he will have a “dreary time to dree.”

THE FAIR ONES.

Woman I love, but all in vain,  
For none returns my love;  
Although my heart is wrung with pain,  
*Their* hearts this doth not move.

I know not why it should be so,  
But so it truly is—  
When woman I attempt to woo,  
And speak of love and bliss;—

A sigh is all that I receive,  
'Tis all they can afford;  
Their little hearts they will not give;  
But friendship is the word!

One swears to “live and die a maid,  
And wedlock ne'er to try;”  
The reason?—why—“she is afraid  
To trust man's constancy!”

Another, when you press her hand,  
And wish her lip to press—  
“Affection she can *not* command,”  
With such well-feigned distress;

That, if the sex you did not know—  
Their wiles—you would declare,  
Those tones were tones of real wo,  
And that was pity's tear.

At least, not long since, lovely Kate,  
Thus cruelly misused me;  
Blush'd, sigh'd, began to hesitate,  
And then—and then—refus'd me!



But I've resolv'd now what to do,  
 And, woman! list to me.  
 Myself, hereafter, *thou* shalt woo,  
 At least, *I'll* not woo *thee*!

JUVENIS.

Athens, April, 1838.

Thus have we exhausted even to the dregs our store, the wine now runs upon the lees; but we trust there is still some flavour of the old Falernian. With these last touches, we bid you, gentle reader, a "long and last farewell."

---

BIRTH-PLACE OF GEN. MOULTRIE.—In the April number of the Journal, it was stated by the writer of the article on Autography, that Gen. Moultrie was "an Englishman by birth, though an American by feeling." We have since received a note from a relative of Gen. Moultrie, requesting us to correct this mistake. He informs us that "Gen. Moultrie was born in Charleston; and was the second son of Dr. John Moultrie, a Scotchman, who arrived in this place in the year 1733, from Culross in Fifeshire, and died after practising physic upwards of 40 years. Dr. John Moultrie was distinguished as a physician and man of science, and his demise was regarded as a public calamity. The mother of Gen. Moultrie was an American lady of this place also."

---

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.—The following extracts are from an article which appeared in the year 1800, in the London Courier, then a leading government paper. It is a beautiful portraiture of the character of Washington; and shows that even his political enemies had a just and generous appreciation of the virtues of him, who is not only the pride of his country, but a model for imitation in all time to come.

"General Washington is not the idol of a day, but the hero of ages! Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty, at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted that situation which was pre-eminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle; his moderation conciliated every opposition; his genius supplied every resource; his enlarged view could plan, devise, and improve every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act, as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance, either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported. His conduct was, on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness. Far superior to low and grovelling motives, he seemed ever to be influenced by that ambition which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted ever as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spirit. His excellent mind needed not even the sti-

mulus of ambition, or the prospect of fame. Glory was a secondary consideration. He performed great actions; he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction, nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and the success of his patriotic efforts.

As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiassed choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. As he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion, he had neither to contend with the opposition of rivals, nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed, so it required no jealous precautions, no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle; it was beneficent and liberal; it was wise and just. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic. In voluntarily resigning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honor, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the State he had contributed to establish, the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues. It is some consolation amidst the violence of ambition and criminal thirst of power, of which so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honorable to admire, and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror for the freedom of his country! a legislator for its security! a magistrate for its happiness! His glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues, he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed, that "nature might have stood up to all the world and owned him as her work." His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of Gen. Washington, which his contemporaries regret and admire, will be transmitted to posterity; and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished."

---

LIEBER'S POLITICAL ETHICS.—This is a first rate work. We have scarcely any regret to express in reference to it, except that it is by a native of a foreign country. We could have wished that a book so learned and profound, should have been the production of an American scholar. There are few subjects connected with the theory of morals, in an individual or social aspect, which are not discussed thoroughly, and copiously illustrated by references to ancient and modern history. Many of the views are exceedingly bold and original, and sustained with great clearness and power of argument. The book will exert, we doubt not, a salutary influence upon the tone of public morals. We hope, hereafter, to place a suitable review of it before our readers.

---





# SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL

AND

## MAGAZINE OF ARTS.

B. R. CARROLL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ASSISTED BY SEVERAL LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

IT HAS been determined to resume the publication of the SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL, from a conviction very generally felt and expressed, that the South stands at this time in peculiar need of such a periodical. The project for reviving the Southern Review seems to have been relinquished; and while the Northern and Middle States have perhaps twenty magazines, we can count but two besides our own, in the whole range of country South of the Potomac. Such a contrast is disadvantageous and disparaging to our Literary character; and is certainly not warranted by the comparative taste, talent and wealth of the two sections of the Union. Why should the South distrust herself when the genius of her sons is finding encouragement, and achieving triumphs abroad; and why should she suffer her own literary enterprises to languish and fail for want of timely aid, at the very time she is bestowing a liberal, and in many cases, a well deserved patronage on those of other parts of the country? It is full time that she should learn to be just and true to herself, as well as generous to others.

Besides, our peculiar policy renders it highly desirable, if not necessary, that we should possess an organ to which we may entrust the interpretation and defence of our domestic institutions, and upon which we may be able at all times to rely, as identified with us in feeling, principle and interest. If the people of the South would begin to think, write, print and publish for themselves, they would not only furnish opportunity for the development of our native mind and material, but provide themselves ample security against the propagation of writings and doctrines destructive of their dearest interests.

It is with a view, therefore, to encourage a home policy, to raise the standard of our literary character, and to call out the intellectual resources of our region, that this periodical has been revived.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL AND MAGAZINE OF ARTS is a monthly periodical devoted chiefly to miscellaneous literature.

It will contain SELECT POETRY, ESSAYS AND TALES.

SKETCHES, HISTORICAL AND FANCIFUL, illustrative of character, or descriptive of scenery, incidents and adventures.

REVIEWS AND CRITICAL NOTICES of the publications of the day.

GENERAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, foreign and domestic.

OCCASIONAL SPECULATIONS on topics of general interest, and on subjects falling properly within the range of philosophy and science.

Due attention will be paid to the DRAMA AND THE FINE ARTS.

The Editor has secured much literary co-operation, and he trusts will enable him to give interest and variety to his pages, and furnish him to the support of his fellow-citizens.

### CONDITIONS.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL will be published in monthly numbers, (to be issued on the 15th day of each month,) of at least thirty pages each, on the best of paper, and neatly printed, at Five Dollars per annum, *advance* in advance.

✓ The postage of this Magazine, containing four sheets, is 5 cents; over 100 miles 16 cents.